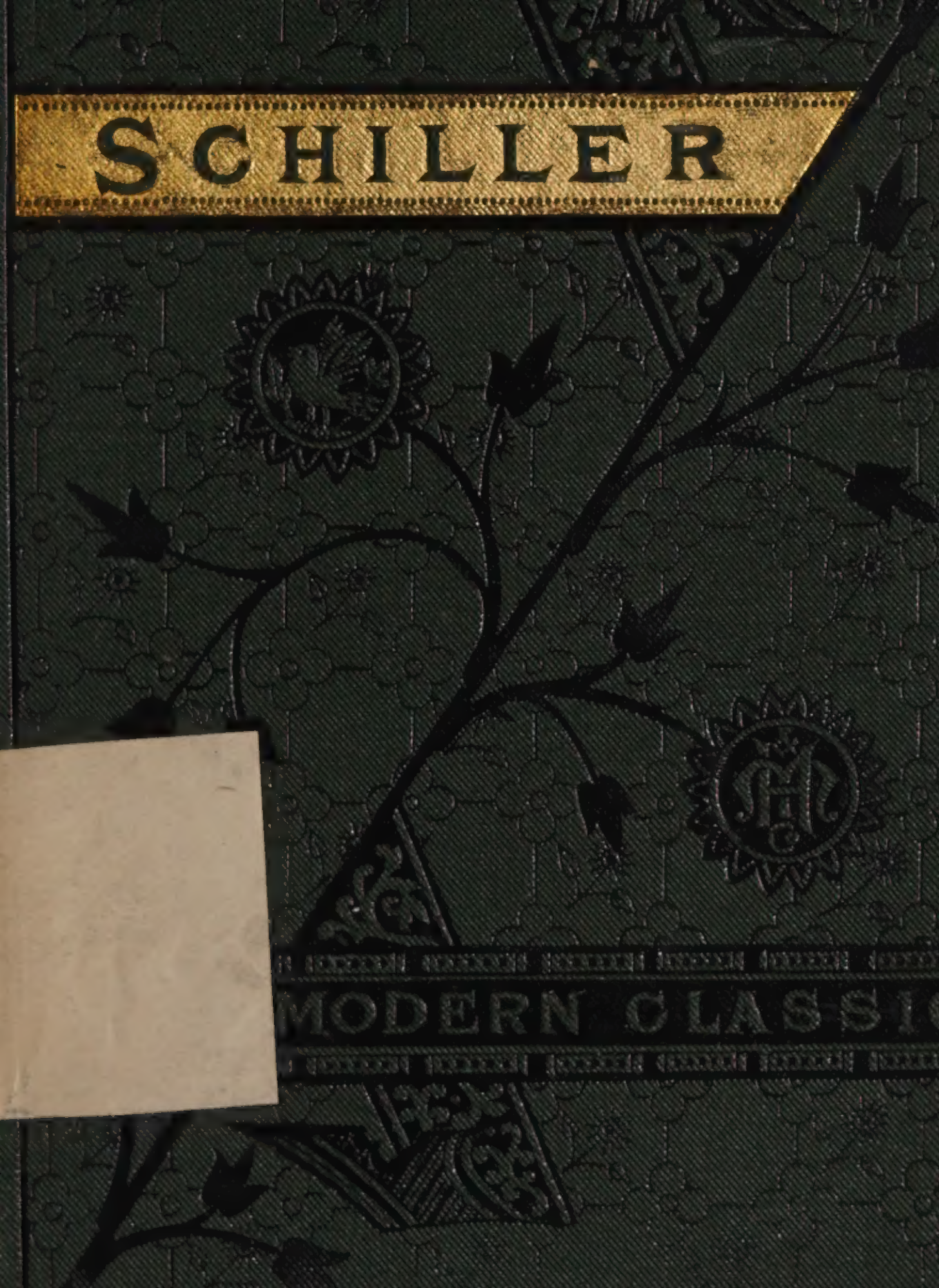
SCHILLER



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SCHILLER.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE LAY OF THE BELL AND FRIDOLIN.

FAVORITE POEMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Bart.

ILLUSTRATED.

1884 RIVERSIDE

BOSTON:
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The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

SCHILLER,

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

SCHILLER.

SCHILLER'S life is emphatically a literary one; that of a man existing only for contemplation; guided forward by the pursuit of ideal things, and seeking and finding his true welfare therein. A singular simplicity characterizes it, a remoteness from whatever is called business; an aversion to the tumults of business, an indifference to its prizes, grows with him from year to year. He holds no office, scarcely for a little while a university professorship; he covets no promotion; has no stock of money; and shows no discontent with these arrangements. Nay, when permanent sickness, continual pain of body, is added to them, he still seems happy: these last fifteen years of his life are, spiritually considered, the clearest and

most productive of all. We might say, there is something priest-like in that life of his; under quite another color and environment, yet with aims differing in form rather than in essence, it has a priest-like stillness, a priest-like purity; nay, if for the Catholic faith we substitute the ideal of Art, and for convent rules moral or æsthetic laws, it has even something of a monastic character. By the three monastic vows he was not bound; yet vows of as high and difficult a kind, both to do and to forbear, he had taken on him; and his happiness and whole business lay in observing them. Thus immured, not in cloisters of stone and mortar, yet in cloisters of the mind, which separate him as impassably from the vulgar, he works and meditates only on what we may call Divine things; his familiar talk, his very recreations, the whole actings and fancyings of his daily existence, tend thither.

As in the life of a holy man, too, so in that of Schiller, there is but one great epoch: that of taking on him these literary vows; of finally extricating himself from the distractions of the world, and consecrating his whole future days

to wisdom. What lies before this epoch, and what lies after it, have two altogether different characters. The former is worldly, and occupied with worldly vicissitudes; the latter is spiritual, of calm tenor; marked to himself only by his growth in inward clearness, to the world only by the peaceable fruits of this. It is to the first of these periods that we shall here chiefly direct ourselves.

In his parentage, and the circumstances of his earlier years, we may reckon him fortunate. His parents, indeed, are not rich, nor even otherwise independent: yet neither are they meanly poor; and warm affection, a true honest character, ripened in both into religion, not without an openness for knowledge, and even considerable intellectual culture, make amends for every defect. The boy, too, is himself of a character in which, to the observant, lies the richest promise. A modest, still nature, apt for all instruction in heart or head; flashes of liveliness, of impetuosity, from time to time breaking through. That little anecdote of the thunder-storm is so graceful in its littleness, that one cannot but hope it may be authentic.

"Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of the sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last, in a solitary place of the neighborhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, 'that the Lightning was so beautiful, and he wished to see where it was coming from!'"

In his village school he reads the classics with diligence, without relish; at home, with far deeper feelings, the Bible; and already his young heart is caught with that mystic grandeur of the Hebrew Prophets. His devout nature, moulded by the pious habits of his parents, inclines him to be a clergyman: a clergyman, indeed, he proved; only the church he ministered in was the Catholic, a far more Catholic than that false Romish one. But already in his ninth year, not without rapturous amazement, and a lasting remembrance, he had

seen the "splendors of the Ludwigsburg Theatre"; and so, unconsciously, cast a glimpse into that world, where, by accident or natural preference, his own genius was one day to work out its noblest triumphs.

Before the end of his boyhood, however, begins a far harsher era for Schiller; wherein, under quite other nurture, other faculties were to be developed in him. He must enter on a scene of oppression, distortion, isolation; under which, for the present, the fairest years of his existence are painfully crushed down. But this too has its wholesome influences on him; for there is in genius that alchemy which converts all metals into gold; which from suffering educes strength, from error clearer wisdom, from all things good.

"The Duke of Würtemberg had lately founded a free seminary for certain branches of professional education: it was first set up at Solitude, one of his country residences, and had now been transferred to Stuttgart, where, under an improved form, and with the name of *Karls-schule*, we believe it still exists. The Duke proposed to give the sons of his military officers a preferable claim to the benefits of this institution; and having formed a good opinion both

of Schiller and his father, he invited the former to profit by this opportunity. The offer occasioned great embarrassment: the young man and his parents were alike determined in favor of the Church, a project with which this new one was inconsistent. Their embarrassment was but increased when the duke, on learning the nature of their scruples, desired them to think well before they decided. It was out of fear, and with reluctance, that his proposal was accepted. Schiller enrolled himself in 1773: and turned, with a heavy heart, from freedom and cherished hopes to Greek, and seclusion and law.

"His anticipations proved to be but too just: the six years which he spent in this establishment were the most harassing and comfortless of his life. The Stuttgart system of education seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting nature, but of rooting it out and supplying its place by something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling; everything went on by statute and ordinance; there was no scope for the exercise of free-will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased; the 'regulations of the school' took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould, which, like the old giant's bed, stood there, appointed by

superior authority, to be filled alike by the great and the little. The same strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote anything besides. Their domestic economy was regulated in the same spirit as their preceptorial: it consisted of the same sedulous exclusion of all that could border on pleasure, or give any exercise to choice. The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any person but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to snatch even a fearful joy; their very amusements proceeded by the word of command.

"How grievous all this must have been it is easy to conceive. To Schiller it was more grievous than to any other. Of an ardent and impetuous yet delicate nature, whilst his discontentment devoured him internally, he was too modest to give it the relief of utterance by deeds or words. Locked up within himself, he suffered deeply, but without complaining. Some of his letters written during this period have been preserved: they exhibit the ineffectual struggles of a fervid and busy mind veiling its many chagrins under a certain dreary patience, which only shows them more painfully. He pored over his lexicons and grammars and insipid tasks with an artificial composure; but his spirit pined within him like a captive's when he looked forth into the cheerful world, or recollected the affection of parents, the hopes and frolicsome enjoyments of past years."

Youth is to all the glad season of life; but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains, or what it escapes. In these sufferings of Schiller's many a one may say, there is nothing unexampled: could not the history of every Eton scholar, of every poor midshipman, with his rudely broken domestic ties, his privations, persecutions, and cheerless solitude of heart, equal or outdo them? In respect of these its palpable hardships perhaps it might, and be still very miserable. But the hardship which presses heaviest on Schiller lies deeper than all these; out of which the natural fire of almost any young heart will, sooner or later, rise victorious. His worst oppression is an oppression of the moral sense; a fettering not of the desires only, but of the pure reasonable will: for besides all outward sufferings, his mind is driven from its true aim, dimly yet invincibly felt to be the true one; and turned, by sheer violence, into one which it feels to be false. Not in law, with its profits and dignities; not in medicine, which he willingly, yet still hopelessly exchanges for law; not in the routine of any marketable occupa-

tion, how gainful or honored soever, can his soul find content and a home: only in some far purer and higher region of activity, for which he has yet no name; which he once fancied to be the church, which at length he discovers to be poetry. Nor is this any transient boyish wilfulness, but a deep-seated, earnest, ineradicable longing, the dim purpose of his whole inner man. Nevertheless as a transient boyish wilfulness his teachers must regard it, and deal with it; and not till after the fiercest contest, and a clear victory, will its true nature be recognized. Herein lay the sharpest sting of Schiller's ill-fortune; his whole mind is wrenched asunder; he has no rallying point in his misery; he is suffering and toiling for a wrong object. "A singular miscalculation of nature," he says, long afterwards, "had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement

and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish, it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me."

Doubtless Schiller's own prudence had already taught him that in order to live poetically, it was first requisite to live; that he should and must, as himself expresses it, "forsake the balmy climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary science of terms." But the dull work of this Greenland once accomplished, he might rationally hope that his task was done; that the "leisure gained by superior diligence" would be his own, for poetry, or whatever else he pleased. Truly, it was "intolerable and degrading to be hemmed in still further by the caprices of severe and formal pedagogues." No wonder that Schiller "brooded gloomily" over his situation. But what was to be done? "Many plans he formed for deliverance: sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free

and busy world, to him forbidden: sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest." But he is young, inexperienced, unprovided; without help or counsel: there is nothing to be done but endure.

"Under such corroding and continual vexations," says his biographer, "an ordinary spirit would have sunk at length; would have gradually given up its loftier aspirations, and sought refuge in vicious indulgence, or at best have sullenly harnessed itself into the yoke, and plodded through existence, weary, discontented, and broken, ever casting back a hankering look on the dreams of his youth, and ever without power to realize them. But Schiller was no ordinary character, and did not act like one. Beneath a cold and simple exterior, dignified with no artificial attractions, and marred in its native amiableness by the incessant obstruction, the isolation and painful destitutions under which he lived, there was concealed a burning energy of soul, which no obstruction could extinguish. The hard circumstances of his fortune had prevented the natural development of his mind; his faculties had been cramped and misdirected; but they had gathered strength by opposition and the habit of self-dependence which it encouraged. His thoughts, unguided

by a teacher, had sounded into the depths of his own nature and the mysteries of his own fate; his feelings and passions, unshared by any other heart, had been driven back upon his own; where, like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible.

"Hitherto Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy: but the time was now come when the gyves of school discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature: he stood forth as a man, and wrenched asunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publication of the *Robbers* forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stuttgart school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed are to be traced in all its parts.

"Translations of the work soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe, * and were read

* Our English translation, one of the washiest, was executed (we have been told) in Edinburgh by a "Lord of Session," otherwise not unknown in literature; who went to work under deepest concealment, lest evil might befall him. The confidential devil, now an angel, who mysteriously carried him the proof-sheets, is our informant.

in almost all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sensibility and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany, the enthusiasm which the *Robbers* excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of this single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were: and though the general sentence was loudly in his favor, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

"But the tragedy of the *Robbers* produced for its author some consequences of a kind much more sensible than these. We have called it the signal of Schiller's deliverance from school tyranny and military constraint; but its operation in this respect was not immediate. At first it seemed to involve him more deeply than before. He had finished the original sketch of it in 1778; but for fear of offence, he kept it secret till his medical studies were completed. These, in the mean time, he had pursued with sufficient assiduity to merit the usual honors. In 1780, he had, in consequence, obtained the post of surgeon to the regiment *Auge* in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to complete his project, — to print the

Robbers at his own expense; not being able to find any bookseller that would undertake it. The nature of the work and the universal interest it awakened drew attention to the private circumstances of the author, whom the *Robbers*, as well as other pieces of his writing that had found their way into the periodical publications of the time, sufficiently showed to be no common man. Many grave persons were offended at the vehement sentiments expressed in the *Robbers;* and the unquestioned ability with which these extravagances were expressed but made the matter worse. To Schiller's superiors, above all, such things were inconceivable; he might perhaps be a very great genius, but was certainly a dangerous servant for his highness, the Grand Duke of Würtemberg. Officious people mingled themselves in the affair: nay the graziers of the Alps were brought to bear upon it. The Grisons magistrates, it appeared, had seen the book, and were mortally huffed at their people's being there spoken of, according to a Swabian adage, as *common highwaymen.** They complained in the *Hamburg Correspondent;* and a sort of jackal at

* The obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from subsequent editions. It was in the third scene of the second act. Spiegelberg, discoursing with Razmann, observes, "An honest man you may form of windle-straws; but to make a rascal you must have grist: besides, there is a national genius in it,—a certain rascal-climate, so to

Ludwigsburg, one Walter, whose name deserves to be thus kept in mind, volunteered to plead their cause before the Grand Duke.

"Informed of all these circumstances, the Grand Duke expressed his disapprobation of Schiller's poetical labors in the most unequivocal terms. Schiller was at length summoned before him; and it then turned out, that his highness was not only dissatisfied with the moral or political errors of the work, but scandalized moreover at its want of literary merit. In this latter respect he was kind enough to proffer his own services. But Schiller seems to have received the proposal with no sufficient gratitude; and the interview passed without advantage to either party. It terminated in the Duke's commanding Schiller to abide by medical subjects: or at least, to beware of writing any more poetry, without submitting it to *his* inspection.

* * *

"Various new mortifications awaited Schiller. It was in vain that he discharged the humble duties of his station with the most strict fidelity, and even it is said with superior skill: he was a suspected

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speak." In the first edition there was added, "*Go to the Grisons, for instance; that is what I call the thief's Athens.*" The patriot who stood forth, on this occasion, for the honor of the Grisons, to deny this weighty charge, and denounce the crime of making it, was not Dogberry or Verges, but "one of the noble family of Salis."

person, and his most innocent actions were misconstrued, his slightest faults were visited with the full measure of official severity. . . . .

"His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting its strength in strife against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands: the idea of dungeons and jailers haunted and tortured his mind; and the means of escaping them, the renunciation of poetry, the source of all his joy, if likewise of many woes, the radiant guiding-star of his turbid and obscure existence, seemed a sentence of death to all that was dignified and delightful, and worth retaining in his character. . . .

"With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence: and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given to him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity: and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings on every side; roused to the highest pitch

of indignation, yet forced to keep silence and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free, at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his step-dame home, and go forth, though friendless and alone, to seek his fortune in the great market of life. Some foreign duke or prince was arriving at Stuttgart; and all the people were in movement, witnessing the spectacle of his entrance: Schiller seized this opportunity of retiring from the city, careless whither he went, so he got beyond the reach of turnkeys, and Grand Dukes, and commanding officers. It was in the month of October, 1782, his twenty-third year."

Such were the circumstances under which Schiller rose to manhood. We see them permanently influence his character; but there is also a strength in himself which on the whole triumphs over them. The kindly and the unkindly alike lead him towards the goal. In childhood, the most unheeded, but by far the most important era of existence, — as it were, the still creation-days of the whole future man, — he had breathed the only wholesome atmosphere, a soft atmosphere of affection and joy: the invisible seeds which are one day to

ripen into clear devoutness, and all humane virtue, are happily sown in him. Not till he has gathered force for resistance, does the time of contradiction, of being "purified by suffering," arrive. For this contradiction too we have to thank those Stuttgart schoolmasters and their purblind duke. Had the system they followed been a milder, more reasonable one, we should not indeed have altogether lost our poet, for the poetry lay in his inmost soul, and could not remain unuttered; but we might well have found him under a far inferior character: not dependent on himself and truth, but dependent on the world and its gifts; not standing on a native, everlasting basis, but on an accidental, transient one.

In Schiller himself, as manifested in these emergencies, we already trace the chief features which distinguish him through life. A tenderness, a sensitive delicacy, aggravated under that harsh treatment, issues in a certain shyness and reserve: which, as conjoined moreover with habits of internal and not of external activity, might in time have worked

itself, had his natural temper been less warm and affectionate, into timorous self-seclusion, dissociality and even positive misanthropy. Nay, generally viewed, there is much in Schiller at this epoch that to a careless observer might have passed for weakness; as indeed, for such observers, weakness and fineness of nature are easily confounded. One element of strength, however, and the root of all strength, he throughout evinces: he wills one thing, and knows what he wills. His mind has a purpose, and still better, a right purpose. He already loves true spiritual beauty with his whole heart and his whole soul; and for the attainment, for the pursuit of this, is prepared to make all sacrifices. As a dim instinct, under vague forms, this aim first appears; gains force with his force, clearness in the opposition it must conquer; and at length declares itself, with a peremptory emphasis which will admit of no contradiction.

As a mere piece of literary history, these passages of Schiller's life are not without interest: this is a "persecution for conscience' sake,"

such as has oftener befallen heresy in religion than heresy in literature; a blind struggle to extinguish, by physical violence, the inward celestial light of a human soul; and here in regard to literature, as in regard to religion, it always is an ineffectual struggle. Doubtless, as religious inquisitors have often done, those secular inquisitors meant honestly in persecuting; and since the matter went well in spite of them, their interference with it may be forgiven and forgotten. We have dwelt the longer on these proceedings of theirs, because they bring us to the grand crisis of Schiller's history, and for the first time show us his will decisively asserting itself, decisively pronouncing the law whereby his whole future life is to be governed. He himself says, he "went empty away; empty in purse and hope." Yet the mind that dwelt in him was still there with its gifts; and the task of his existence now lay undivided before him. He is henceforth a Literary Man; and need appear in no other character. "All my connections," he could erelong say, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sovereign, my confidant. To the

public alone I from this time belong; before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

In his subsequent life, with all varieties of outward fortune, we find a noble inward unity. That love of literature, and that resolution to abide by it at all hazards, do not forsake him. He wanders through the world; looks at it under many phases; mingles in the joys of social life; is a husband, father; experiences all the common destinies of man; but the same "radiant guiding-star" which, often obscured, had led him safe through the perplexities of his youth, now shines on him with unwavering light. In all relations and conditions Schiller is blameless, amiable; he is even little tempted to err. That high purpose after spiritual perfection, which with him was a love of poetry, and an unwearied active love, is itself, when pure and supreme, the necessary parent of good conduct, as of noble feel-

ing. With all men it should be pure and supreme, for in one or the other shape it is the true end of man's life. Neither in any man is it ever wholly obliterated; with the most, however, it remains a passive sentiment, an idle wish. And even with the small residue of men, in whom it attains some measure of activity, who would be poets in act or word, how seldom is it the sincere and highest purpose, how seldom unmixed with vulgar ambition, and low, mere earthly aims, which distort or utterly pervert its manifestations! With Schiller, again, it was the one thing needful; the first duty, for which all other duties worked together, under which all other duties quietly prospered, as under their rightful sovereign. Worldly preferment, fame itself, he did not covet: yet of fame he reaps the most plenteous harvest; and of worldly goods what little he wanted is in the end made sure to him. His mild, honest character everywhere gains him friends: that upright, peaceful, simple life is honorable in the eyes of all; and they who know him the best love him the most.

Perhaps among all the circumstances of Schiller's literary life, there was none so important for him as his connection with Goethe. To use our old figure, we might say, that if Schiller was a priest, then was Goethe the bishop from whom he first acquired clear spiritual light, by whose hands he was ordained to the priesthood. Their friendship has been much celebrated, and deserved to be so: it is a pure relation; unhappily too rare in literature; where if a Swift and Pope can even found an imperious Duumvirate on little more than mutually tolerated pride, and part the spoils for some time without quarrelling, it is thought a credit. Seldom do men combine so steadily and warmly for such purposes, which when weighed in the economic balance are but gossamer. It appears also that preliminary difficulties stood in the way; prepossessions of some strength had to be conquered on both sides. For a number of years, the two, by accident or choice, never met, and their first interview scarcely promised any permanent approximation. "On the whole," says Schiller, "this personal meeting has not

at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination no secure substantial intimacy can result."

Nevertheless, in spite of far graver prejudices on the part of Goethe, — to say nothing of the poor jealousies which in another man so circumstanced would openly or secretly have been at work, — a secure substantial intimacy did result; manifesting itself by continual good offices, and interrupted only by death. If we regard the relative situation of the parties, and their conduct in this matter, we must recognize in both of them no little social virtue; at all events, a deep disinterested love of worth. In the case of Goethe, more especially, who, as the elder and every way greater of the two, has little to expect in

comparison with what he gives, this friendly union, had we space to explain its nature and progress, would give new proof that, as poor Jung Stilling also experienced, "the man's heart, which few know, is as true and noble as his genius, which all know."

By Goethe, and this even before the date of their friendship, Schiller's outward interests had been essentially promoted: he was introduced, under that sanction, into the service of Weimar, to an academic office, to a pension; his whole way was made smooth for him. In spiritual matters, this help, or rather let us say co-operation, for it came not in the shape of help, but of reciprocal service, was of still more lasting consequence. By the side of his friend, Schiller rises into the highest regions of art he ever reached; and in all worthy things is sure of sympathy, of one wise judgment amid a crowd of unwise ones, of one helpful hand amid many hostile. Thus outwardly and inwardly assisted and confirmed, he henceforth goes on his way with new steadfastness, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; and while days are given him, de-

votes them wholly to his best duty. It is rare that one man can do so much for another, can permanently benefit another; so mournfully, in giving and receiving, as in most charitable affections and finer movements of our nature, are we all held in by that paltry vanity which, under reputable names, usurps, on both sides, a sovereignty it has no claim to. Nay, many times, when our friend would honestly help us, and strives to do it, yet will he never bring himself to understand what we really need, and so to forward us on our own path; but insists more simply on our taking his path, and leaves us as incorrigible because we will not and cannot. Thus men are solitary among each other; no one will help his neighbor; each has even to assume a defensive attitude lest his neighbor hinder him!

Of Schiller's zealous, entire devotedness to literature we have already spoken as of his crowning virtue, and the great source of his welfare. With what ardor he pursued this object, his whole life, from the earliest stage of it, had given proof: but the clearest proof, clearer even than that youthful self-exile was

reserved for his later years, when a lingering, incurable disease had laid on him its new and ever-galling burden. At no period of Schiller's history does the native nobleness of his character appear so decidedly as now in this season of silent unwitnessed heroism, when the dark enemy dwelt within himself, unconquerable, yet ever, in all other struggles, to be kept at bay. We have medical evidence that during the last fifteen years of his life not a moment could have been free of pain. Yet he utters no complaint. In this "Correspondence with Goethe" we see him cheerful, laborious; scarcely speaking of his maladies, and then only historically, in the style of a third party, as it were, calculating what force and length of days might still remain at his disposal. Nay his highest poetical performances, we may say all that are truly poetical, belong to this era. If we recollect how many poor valetudinarians, Rousseaus, Cowpers, and the like, men otherwise of fine endowments, dwindle under the influence of nervous disease into pining wretchedness, some into madness itself; and

then that Schiller, under the like influence, wrote some of his deepest speculations, and all his genuine dramas, from *Wallenstein* to *Wilhelm Tell*, we shall the better estimate his merit.

It has been said, that only in religion, or something equivalent to religion, can human nature support itself under such trials. But Schiller too had his religion; was a worshipper, nay, as we have often said, a priest; and so in his earthly sufferings wanted not a heavenly stay. Without some such stay his life might well have been intolerable; stripped of the ideal, what remained for him in the real was but a poor matter. Do we talk of his "happiness"? Alas, what is the loftiest flight of genius, the finest frenzy that ever for moments united Heaven with Earth, to the perennial never-failing joys of a digestive apparatus thoroughly eupeptic? Has not the turtle-eating man an eternal sunshine of the breast? Does not his soul — which, as in some Sclavonic dialects, means his stomach — sit forever at its ease, enwrapped in warm condiments, amid spicy odors; enjoying the

past, the present, and the future; and only awakening from its soft trance to the sober certainty of a still higher bliss each meal-time, — three, or even four visions of heaven in the space of one solar day! While for the sick man of genius, "whose world is of the mind, ideal, internal; when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and begun to blacken and consume its beauty, what remains but despondency and bitterness and desolate sorrow felt and anticipated to the end"?

"Woe to him," continues this Jeremiah, "if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him, to torment him into madness. Alas, the bondage of Algiers is freedom compared with this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted, and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve has become an avenue of disgust or anguish, and the soul sits within in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupefied with excess of suffering; doomed as it were to a life-in-death, to a consciousness of agonized existence,

without the consciousness of power which should accompany it. Happily death, or entire fatuity, at length puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery, which, however, ignoble as they are, we ought to view with pity rather than contempt."

Yet on the whole, we say, it is a shame for the man of genius to complain. Has he not a "light from Heaven" within him, to which the splendor of all earthly thrones and principalities is but darkness? And the head that wears such a crown grudges to lie uneasy? If that same "light from Heaven," shining through the falsest media, supported Syrian Simon through all weather on his sixty-feet pillar, or the still more wonderful eremite who walled himself, for life, up to the chin, in stone and mortar; how much more should it do, when shining direct, and pure from all inter-mixture? Let the modern priest of wisdom either suffer his small persecutions and inflictions, though sickness be of the number, in patience, or admit that ancient fanatics and bedlamites were truer worshippers than he.

A foolish controversy on this subject of hap-

piness now and then occupies some intellectual dinner-party; speculative gentlemen we have seen more than once almost forget their wine in arguing whether happiness was the chief end of man. The most cry out, with Pope: "Happiness, our being's end and aim"; and ask whether it is even conceivable that we should follow any other. How comes it, then, cry the opposition, that the gross are happier than the refined; that even though we know them to be happier, we would not change places with them? Is it not written, Increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow? And yet also written, in characters still more ineffaceable, Pursue knowledge, attain clear vision, as the beginning of all good? Were your doctrine right, for what should we struggle with our whole might, for what pray to Heaven, if not that the "malady of thought" might be utterly stifled within us, and a power of digestion and secretion, to which that of the tiger were trifling, be imparted instead thereof? Whereupon the others deny that thought is a malady; that increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow; that aldermen have a summer life

than Aristotle's, though the Stagyrite himself died exclaiming, *Fœde mundum intravi, anxius vixi, perturbatus morior*, etc., etc.: and thus the argument circulates, and the bottles stand still.

So far as that happiness question concerns the symposia of speculative gentlemen, — the rather as it really is a good enduring hacklog whereon to chop logic, for those so minded, — we with great willingness leave it resting on its own bottom. But there are earnest natures for whom truth is no plaything, but the staff of life; men whom the "solid reality of things" will not carry forward; who, when the "inward voice" is silent in them, are powerless, nor will the loud huzzaing of millions supply the want of it. To these men, seeking anxiously for guidance; feeling that did they once clearly see the right, they would follow it cheerfully to weal or to woe, comparatively careless which; to these men the question, what is the proper aim of man, has a deep and awful interest.

For the sake of such, it may be remarked that the origin of this argument, like that of

every other argument under the sun, lies in the confusion of language. If happiness mean welfare, there is no doubt but all men should and must pursue their welfare, that is to say, pursue what is worthy of their pursuit. But if, on the other hand, happiness mean, as for most men it does, "agreeable sensations," enjoyment refined or not, then must we observe that there *is* a doubt; or rather that there is a certainty the other way. Strictly considered, this truth, that man has in him something higher than a love of pleasure, take pleasure in what sense you will, has been the text of all true teachers and preachers since the beginning of the world; and in one or another dialect, we may hope, will continue to be preached and taught till the world end. Neither is our own day without its assertors thereof: what, for example, does the astonished reader make of this little sentence from Schiller's *Æsthetic Letters?* It is on that old question, the "improvement of the species"; which, however, is handled here in a very new manner:

"The first acquisitions, then, which men gathered in the Kingdom of Spirit were *anxiety* and

fear; both, it is true, products of reason, not of sense; but of a reason that mistook its object, and mistook its mode of application. Fruits of this same tree are all your happiness systems (*Glückseligkeitssysteme*), whether they have for object the passing day, or the whole of life, or what renders them no whit more venerable, the whole of eternity. A boundless duration of being and well-being, (*Daseyns und Wohlseyns*) simply for being and well-being's sake is an ideal belonging to appetite alone, and which only the struggle of mere animalism (*Thierheit*), longing to be infinite, gives rise to. Thus without gaining anything for his manhood, he, by this first effort of reason, loses the happy limitation of the animal; and has now only the unenviable superiority of missing the present in an effort directed to the distance, and whereby still, in the whole boundless distance, nothing but the present is sought for."

The *Æsthetic Letters*, in which this and many far deeper matters come into view, will one day deserve a long chapter to themselves. Meanwhile we cannot but remark, as a curious symptom of this time, that the pursuit of merely sensuous good, of personal pleasure, in one shape or other, should be the universally admitted formula of man's whole duty. Once,

Epicurus had his Zeno; and if the herd of mankind have at all times been the slaves of desire, drudging anxiously for their mess of pottage, or filling themselves with swine's husks, — earnest natures were not wanting, who, at least in theory, asserted for their kind a higher vocation than this; declaring, as they could, that man's soul was no dead balance for "motives" to sway hither and thither, but a living, divine soul, indefeasibly free, whose birthright it was to be the servant of virtue, goodness, God, and in such service to be blessed without fee or reward. Nowadays, however, matters are, on all hands, managed far more prudently. The choice of Hercules could not occasion much difficulty, in these times, to any young man of talent. On the one hand, — by a path which is steep, indeed, yet smoothed by much travelling, and kept in constant repair by many a moral Macadam, — smokes (in patent calefactors) a dinner of innumerable courses; on the other, by a downward path, through avenues of very mixed character, frowns in the distance a grim gallows, probably with "improved drop." Thus is

utility the only god of these days; and our honest Benthamites are but a small provincial synod of that boundless communion. Without gift of prophecy we may predict that the straggling bush-fire which is kept up here and there against that body of well-intentioned men must one day become a universal battle; and the grand question, mind *versus* matter, be again under new forms judged of and decided. But we wander too far from our task; to which, therefore, nothing doubtful of a prosperous issue in due time to that utilitarian struggle, we hasten to return.

In forming for ourselves some picture of Schiller as a man, of what may be called his moral character, perhaps the very perfection of his manner of existence tends to diminish our estimate of its merits. What he aimed at he has attained in a singular degree. His life, at least from the period of manhood, is still, unruffled; of clear, even course. The completeness of the victory hides from us the magnitude of the struggle. On the whole, however, we may admit that his character was not so much a great character as a holy one. We have often

named him a priest; and this title, with the quiet loftiness, the pure, secluded, only internal, yet still heavenly worth that should belong to it, perhaps best describes him. One high enthusiasm takes possession of his whole nature. Herein lies his strength, as well as the task he has to do; for this he lived, and we may say also he died for it. In his life we see not that the social affections played any deep part. As a son, husband, father, friend, he is ever kindly, honest, amiable; but rarely, if at all, do outward things stimulate him into what can be called passion. Of the wild loves and lamentations, and all the fierce ardor that distinguish, for instance, his Scottish contemporary, Burns, there is scarcely any trace here. In fact, it was towards the ideal, not towards the actual, that Schiller's faith and hope was directed. His highest happiness lay not in outward honor, pleasure, social recreation, perhaps not even in friendly affection, such as the world could show it; but in the realm of poetry, a city of the mind, where, for him, all that was true and noble had foundation. His habits, accordingly, though far from dissocial, were

solitary; his chief business and chief pleasure lay in silent meditation.

"His intolerance of interruptions," we are told, at an early period of his life, "first put him on the plan of studying by night; an alluring, but pernicious practice, which began at Dresden, and was never afterwards given up. His recreations breathed a similar spirit: he loved to be much alone, and strongly moved. The banks of the Elbe were the favorite resort of his mornings: here, wandering in solitude, amid groves and lawns, and green and beautiful places, he abandoned his mind to delicious musings; or meditated on the cares and studies which had lately been employing and were again soon to employ him. At times he might be seen floating on the river, in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted most to be there when tempests were abroad: his unquiet spirit found a solace in the expression of its own unrest on the face of Nature; danger lent a charm to his situation; he felt in harmony with the scene, when the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river was rolling its chafed waters into wild eddying heaps."

"During summer," it is mentioned at a subsequent date, "his place of study was in a garden, which he at length purchased, in the suburbs of

Jena, not far from the Weselhofts' house, where, at that time, was the office of the *Allgemeine Litteraturzeitung*. Reckoning from the market-place of Jena, it lies on the southwest border of the town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuthor, in a hollow defile, through which a part of the Leutrabach flows round the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saale, and the fir mountains of the neighboring forest, Schiller built himself a small house, with a single chamber. It was his favorite abode during hours of composition; a great part of the works he then wrote were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt apart from the tumult of men; — in the Griesbachs' house, on the outside of the city trench. On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or Champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions, — a thing very easy to be done, from the heights lying opposite his little garden-house, on the other side of the dale, — might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair, and writing; and drink-

ing the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five o'clock, in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten."

And again:

"At Weimar his present way of life was like his former one at Jena: his business was to study and compose; his recreations were in the circle of his family, where he could abandon himself to affections grave or trifling, and in frank cheerful intercourse with a few friends. Of the latter he had lately formed a social club, the meetings of which afforded him a regular and innocent amusement. He still loved solitary walks: in the Park at Weimar he might frequently be seen, wandering among the groves and remote avenues, with a note-book in his hand; now loitering slowly along, now standing still, now moving rapidly on: if any one appeared in sight, he would dart into another alley, that his dream might not be broken. One of his favorite resorts, we are told, was the thickly overshadowed rocky path which leads to the *Römische Haus*, a pleasure-house of the Duke's, built under the direction of Goethe. There he would often sit in the gloom of the crags overgrown with cypresses and boxwood; shady thickets before him; not far from

the murmur of a little brook, which there gushes in a smooth slaty channel, and where some verses of Goethe are cut upon a brown plate of stone and fixed in the rock."

Such retirement alike from the tumults and the pleasures of busy men, though it seems to diminish the merit of virtuous conduct in Schiller, is itself, as hinted above, the best proof of his virtue. No man is born without ambitious worldly desires; and for no man, especially for no man like Schiller, can the victory over them be too complete. His duty lay in that mode of life; and he had both discovered his duty, and addressed himself with his whole might to perform it. Nor was it in estrangement from men's interests that this seclusion originated; but rather in deeper concern for these. From many indications, we can perceive that to Schiller the task of the poet appeared of far weightier import to mankind, in these times, than that of any other man whatever. It seemed to him that he was "casting his bread upon the waters, and would find it after many days"; that when the noise of all conquerors and demagogues and politi-

cal reformers had quite died away, some tone of heavenly wisdom that had dwelt even in him might still linger among men, and be acknowledged as heavenly and priceless, whether as his or not; whereby, though dead, he would yet speak, and his spirit would live throughout all generations, when the syllables that once formed his name had passed into forgetfulness forever. We are told "he was in the highest degree philanthropic and humane: and often said that he had no deeper wish than to know all men happy." What was still more, he strove, in his public and private capacity, to do his utmost for that end. Honest, merciful, disinterested he is at all times found: and for the great duty laid on him no man was ever more unweariedly ardent. It was his evening song and his morning prayer. He lived for it, and he died for it; "sacrificing," in the words of Goethe, "his life itself to this delineating of life."

In collision with his fellow-men, for with him as with others this also was a part of his relation to society, we find him no less noble than in friendly union with them. He mingles

in none of the controversies of the time; or only like a god in the battles of men. In his conduct towards inferiors, even ill-intentioned and mean inferiors, there is everywhere a true, dignified, patrician spirit. Ever witnessing, and inwardly lamenting, the baseness of vulgar literature in his day, he makes no clamorous attacks on it; alludes to it only from afar: as in Milton's writings, so in his, few of his contemporaries are named, or hinted at; it was not with men, but with things, that he had a warfare. The "review of Bürger," so often descanted on, was doubtless highly afflicting to that down-broken, unhappy poet; but no hostility to Bürger, only love and veneration for the art he professed, is to be discerned in it. With Bürger, or with any other mortal, he had no quarrel: the favor of the public, which he himself enjoyed in the highest measure, he esteemed at no high value. "The artist," said he in a noble passage, already known to English readers, "the artist, it is true, is the son of his time; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favorite! Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the

breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time; that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence, but dreadful like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it!" On the whole, Schiller has no trace of vanity; scarcely of pride, even in its best sense, for the modest self-consciousness, which characterizes genius, is with him rather implied than openly expressed. He has no hatred; no anger, save against falsehood and baseness, where it may be called a holy anger. Presumptuous triviality stood bared in his keen glance; but his look is the noble scowl that curls the lip of an Apollo, when, pierced with sun-arrows, the serpent expires before him. In a word, we can say of Schiller, what can be said only of few in any country or time: He was a high ministering servant at Truth's altar; and bore him worthily of the office he held. Let this, and that it was even in our age, be forever remembered to his praise.

Schiller's intellectual character has, as in-

deed is always the case, an accurate conformity with his moral one. Here too he is simple in his excellence; lofty rather than expansive or varied; pure, divinely ardent, rather than great. A noble sensibility, the truest sympathy with nature in all forms, animates him; yet scarcely any creative gift altogether commensurate with this. If to his mind's eye all forms of nature have a meaning and beauty, it is only under a few forms, chiefly of the severe or pathetic kind, that he can body forth this meaning, can represent as a poet what as a thinker he discerns and loves. We might say, his music is true spheral music; yet only with few tones, in simple modulation; no full choral harmony is to be heard in it. That Schiller, at least in his later years, attained a genuine poetic style, and dwelt, more or less, in the perennial regions of his art, no one will deny: yet still his poetry shows rather like a partial than a universal gift; the labored product of certain faculties rather than the spontaneous product of his whole nature. At the summit of the pyre there is indeed white flame; but the materials are not all inflamed, perhaps not

all ignited. Nay, often it seems to us as if poetry were, on the whole, not his essential gift; as if his genius were reflective in a still higher degree than creative; philosophical and oratorical rather than poetic. To the last, there is a stiffness in him, a certain infusibility. His genius is not an Æolian harp for the common wind to play with, and make wild free melody; but a scientific harmonica, which being artfully touched will yield rich notes, though in limited measure.

It may be, indeed, or rather it is highly probable, that of the gifts which lay in him only a small portion was unfolded: for we are to recollect that nothing came to him without a strenuous effort; and that he was called away at middle age. At all events, here as we find him, we should say, that of all his endowments the most perfect is understanding. Accurate, thorough insight is a quality we miss in none of his productions, whatever else may be wanting. He has an intellectual vision, clear, wide, piercing, methodical; a truly philosophic eye. Yet in regard to this also it is to be remarked, that the same simplicity, the

same want of universality, again displays itself. He looks aloft rather than around. It is in high, far-seeing philosophic views that he delights; in speculations on art, on the dignity and destiny of man, rather than on the common doings and interests of men. Nevertheless, these latter, mean as they seem, are boundless in significance; for every the poorest aspect of nature, especially of living nature, is a type and manifestation of the invisible spirit that works in nature. There is properly no object trivial or insignificant: but every finite thing, could we look well, is as a window, through which solemn vistas are opened into infinitude itself. But neither as a poet nor as a thinker, neither in delineation nor in exposition and discussion, does Schiller more than glance at such objects. For the most part, the common is to him still the common; or is idealized, rather as it were by mechanical art than by inspiration: not by deeper poetic or philosophic inspection, disclosing new beauty in its every-day features, but rather by deducting these, by casting them aside, and dwelling on what brighter features may remain in it.

Herein Schiller, as indeed he himself was modestly aware, differs essentially from most great poets; and from none more than from his great contemporary, Goethe. Such intellectual pre-eminence as this, valuable though it be, is the easiest and the least valuable; a pre-eminence which, indeed, captivates the general eye, but may, after all, have little intrinsic grandeur. Less in rising into lofty abstractions lies the difficulty, than in seeing well and lovingly the complexities of what is at hand. He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living; he who trains us to see old truth under academic formularies may be wise or not, as it chances; but we love to see wisdom in unpretending forms, to recognize her royal features under week-day vesture. There may be more true spiritual force in a proverb than in a philosophical system. A king in the midst of his body-guards, with all his trumpets, war-horses, and gilt standard-bearers, will look great though he be little; but only some Roman Carus can give audience to satrap-ambassadors, while seated on the ground, with a woollen cap, and supping on boiled peas, like a common soldier.

In all Schiller's earlier writings, nay, more or less in the whole of his writings, this aristocratic fastidiousness, this comparatively barren elevation, appears as a leading characteristic. In speculation he is either altogether abstract and systematic, or he dwells on old conventionally noble themes; never looking abroad, over the many-colored stream of life, to elucidate and ennoble it; or only looking on it, so to speak, from a college window. The philosophy even of his histories, for example, founds itself mainly on the perfectibility of man, the effect of constitutions, of religions, and other such high, purely scientific objects. In his poetry we have a similar manifestation. The interest turns on prescribed, old-established matters; common love-mania, passionate greatness, enthusiasm for liberty and the like. This even in *Don Karlos;* a work of what may be called his transition-period, the turning-point between his earlier and his later period, where still we find Posa, the favorite hero, "towering aloft, far-shining, clear, and also cold and vacant, as a sea-beacon." In after years Schiller himself saw well that the greatest lay not here.

With unwearied effort he strove to lower and to widen his sphere; and not without success, as many of his poems testify; for example, the *Lied der Glocke* (Song of the Bell), every way a noble composition; and, in a still higher degree, the tragedy of *Wilhelm Tell*, the last, and, so far as spirit and style are concerned, the best of all his dramas.

Closely connected with this imperfection, both as cause and as consequence, is Schiller's singular want of humor. Humor is properly the exponent of low things; that which first renders them poetical to the mind. The man of humor sees common life, even mean life, under the new light of sportfulness and love; whatever has existence has a charm for him. Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius. He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind; an eye for what is above him, not for what is about him or below him. Now, among all writers of any real poetic genius, we cannot recollect one who, in this respect, exhibits such total deficiency as Schiller. In his whole writings there is scarcely any vestige of it, scarcely

any attempt that way. His nature was without humor; and he had too true a feeling to adopt any counterfeit in its stead. Thus no drollery or caricature, still less any barren mockery, which, in the hundred cases are all that we find passing current as humor, discover themselves in Schiller. His works are full of labored earnestness; he is the gravest of all writers. Some of his critical discussions, especially in the *Æsthetische Briefe*, where he designates the ultimate height of a man's culture by the title *Spieltrieb* (literally, sport-impulse), prove that he knew what humor was, and how essential; as indeed, to his intellect, all forms of excellence, even the most alien to his own, were painted with a wonderful fidelity. Nevertheless, he himself attains not that height which he saw so clearly; to the last the *Spieltrieb* could be little more than a theory with him. With the single exception of *Wallensteins Lager*, where, too, the humor, if it be such, is not deep, his other attempts at mirth, fortunately very few, are of the heaviest. A rigid intensity, a serious enthusiastic ardor, majesty rather than grace, still more than light-

ness or sportfulness, characterizes him. Wit he had, such wit as keen intellectual insight can give; yet even of this no large endowment. Perhaps he was too honest, too sincere, for the exercise of wit; too intent on the deeper relations of things to note their more transient collisions. Besides, he dealt in affirmation, and not in negation; in which last, it has been said, the material of wit chiefly lies.

These observations are to point out for us the special department and limits of Schiller's excellence; nowise to call in question its reality. Of his noble sense for truth both in speculation and in action; of his deep genial insight into nature; and the living harmony in which he renders back what is highest and grandest in nature, no reader of his works need be reminded. In whatever belongs to the pathetic, the heroic, the tragically elevating, Schiller is at home; a master; nay, perhaps the greatest of all late poets. To the assiduous student, moreover, much else that lay in Schiller, but was never worked into shape, will become partially visible: deep, inexhaustible mines of thought and feeling; a whole world of gifts,

the finest produce of which was but beginning to be realized. To his high-minded, unwearied efforts what was impossible, had length of years been granted him! There is a tone in some of his later pieces which here and there breathes of the very highest region of art. Nor are the natural or accidental defects we have noticed in his genius, even as it stands, such as to exclude him from the rank of great poets. Poets whom the whole world reckons great have, more than once, exhibited the like. Milton, for example, shares most of them with him: like Schiller, he dwells, with full power, only in the high and earnest; in all other provinces exhibiting a certain inaptitude, an elephantine unpliancy: he too has little humor; his coarse invective has in it contemptuous emphasis enough, yet scarcely any graceful sport. Indeed, on the positive side also, these two worthies are not without a resemblance. Under far other circumstances, with less massiveness and vehement strength of soul, there is in Schiller the same intensity; the same concentration, and towards similar objects, towards whatever is sublime in nature and in art;

which sublimities they both, each in his several way, worship with undivided heart. There is not in Schiller's nature the same rich complexity of rhythm as in Milton's, with its depths of linked sweetness; yet in Schiller too there is something of the same pure swelling force, some tone which, like Milton's, is deep, majestic, solemn.

It was as a dramatic author that Schiller distinguished himself to the world: yet often we feel as if chance rather than a natural tendency had led him into this province; as if his talent were essentially, in a certain style, lyrical, peahaps even epic, rather than dramatic. He dwelt within himself, and could not without effort, and then only within a certain range, body forth other forms of being. Nay, much of what is called his poetry seems to us, as hinted above, oratorical rather than poetical; his first bias might have led him to be a speaker rather than a singer. Nevertheless, a pure fire dwelt deep in his soul; and only in poetry, of one or the other sort, could this find utterance. The rest of his nature, at the same time, has a certain prosaic rigor; so that not without

strenuous and complex endeavors, long persisted in, could its poetic quality evolve itself. Quite pure, and as the all-sovereign element, it perhaps never did evolve itself; and among such complex endeavors, a small accident might influence large portions of its course.

Of Schiller's honest undivided zeal in this great problem of self-cultivation, we have often spoken. What progress he had made, and in spite of what difficulties, appears if we contrast his earlier compositions with those of his later years. A few specimens of both sorts we shall here present. By this means, too, such of our readers as are unacquainted with Schiller may gain some clearer notion of his poetic individuality than any description of ours could give. We shall take the *Robbers*, as his first performance, what he himself calls "a monster produced by the unnatural union of genius with thraldom"; the fierce fuliginous fire that burns in that singular piece will still be discernible in separated passages. The following scene, even in the yeasty vehicle of our common English version, has not wanted its admirers; it is the second of the third act:

Country on the Danube. The Robbers camped on a height, under trees: the horses are grazing on the hill farther down.

MOOR. I can no farther (*throws himself on the ground*). My limbs ache as if ground in pieces. My tongue parched as a potsherd. (*Schweitzer glides away unperceived.*) I would ask you to fetch me a handful of water from the stream; but ye all are wearied to death.

SCHWARZ. And the wine too is all down there, in our jacks.

MOOR. See how lovely the harvest looks! The trees almost breaking under their load. The vine full of hope.

GRIMM. It is a plentiful year.

MOOR. Think'st thou? And so *one* toil in the world will be repaid. *One?* Yet overnight there may come a hailstorm, and shatter it all to ruin.

SCHWARZ. Possible enough. It might all be ruined two hours before reaping.

MOOR. Ay, so say I. It will all be ruined. Why should man prosper in what he has from the ant, when he fails in what makes him like the gods? Or is this the true aim of his destiny?

SCHWARZ. I know it not.

MOOR. Thou hast said well; and done still better, if thou never triedst to know it! Brother, I have looked at men, at their insect anxieties and giant projects, their godlike schemes and mouselike

occupations, their wondrous race-running after happiness; he trusting to the gallop of his horse, — he to the nose of his ass, — a third to his own legs; this whirling lottery of life, in which so many a creature stakes his innocence, and — his heaven! all trying for a prize, and — blanks are the whole drawing, — there was not a prize in the batch. It is a drama, brother, to bring tears into thy eyes, if it tickle thy midriff to laughter.

SCHWARZ. How gloriously the sun is setting yonder!

MOOR (*lost in the view*). So dies a hero! To be worshipped!

GRIMM. It seems to move thee.

MOOR. When I was a lad — it was my darling thought to live so, to die so — (*with suppressed pain*). It was a lad's thought!

GRIMM. I hope so, truly.

MOOR (*draws his hat down on his face*). There was a time— Leave me alone, comrades.

SCHWARZ. Moor! Moor! What, Devil? — How his color goes!

GRIMM. Ha! What ails him? Is he ill?

MOOR. There was a time when I could not sleep, if my evening prayer had been forgotten —

GRIMM. Art thou going crazed? Will Moor let such milksop fancies tutor him?

MOOR. (*lays his head on* GRIMM'S *breast*). Brother! Brother!

GRIMM. Come! don't be a child; — I beg —

MOOR. Were I a child! — O, were I one!

GRIMM. Pooh! pooh!

SCHWARZ. Cheer up. Look at the brave landscape, — the fine evening.

MOOR. Yes, friends, this world is all so lovely.

SCHWARZ. There now, — that 's right.

MOOR. This earth so glorious.

GRIMM. Right, — right — that is it.

MOOR (*sinking back*). And I so hideous in this lovely world, and I a monster in this glorious earth.

GRIMM. Out on it!

MOOR. My innocence! My innocence! — See, all things are gone forth to bask in the peaceful beam of the spring: why must I alone inhale the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven? — That all should be so happy, all so married together by the spirit of peace! — The whole world *one* family, its Father above, — that Father not *mine!* — I alone the castaway, — I alone struck out from the company of the just; for me no child to lisp my name, — never for me the languishing look of one whom I love, — never, never, the embracing of a bosom-friend (*dashing wildly back*). Encircled with murderers, — serpents hissing round me, — rushing down to the gulf of perdition on the eddying torrent of wickedness — amid the flowers of the glad world a howling Abaddon!

SCHWARZ (*to the rest*). How *is* this? I never saw him so.

MOOR (*with piercing sorrow*). O, that I might return into my mother's womb, — that I might be born a beggar! — No! I durst not pray, O Heaven, to be as one of these day-laborers — O, I would toil till the blood ran down my temples to buy myself the pleasure of one noontide sleep, — the blessedness of a single tear!

GRIMM (*to the rest*). Patience, a moment. The fit is passing.

MOOR. There *was* a time, too, when I could weep, — O ye days of peace, thou castle of my father, ye green lovely valleys! O all ye Elysian scenes of my childhood! will ye never come again, never with your balmy sighing cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me, Nature! They will never come again, never cool my burning bosom with their balmy sighing. They are gone! gone! and will not return!

Or take that still wilder monologue of Moor's on the old subject of suicide; in the midnight forest, among the sleeping Robbers:

He lays aside the lute, and walks up and down in deep thought.

Who shall warrant me? — 'T is all so dark, — perplexed labyrinths, — no outlet, no loadstar — Were

it but *over* with this last draught of breath. — *Over* like a sorry farce. — But whence this fierce *hunger* after *happiness?* whence this ideal of a *never-reached* perfection? this *continuation* of uncompleted plans? — if the pitiful pressure of this pitiful thing (*holding out a pistol*) makes the wise man equal with the fool, the coward with the brave, the noble-minded with the caitiff? — There is so divine a harmony in all irrational nature, why should there be this dissonance in rational? — No! no! there is somewhat beyond, for I have yet never known happiness.

Think ye, I will tremble? spirits of my murdered ones! I will not tremble (*trembling violently*). — Your feeble dying moan, — your black-choked faces, — your frightfully gaping wounds are but links of an unbreakable chain of destiny; and depend at last on my childish sports, on the whims of my nurses and pedagogues, on the temperament of my father, on the blood of my mother — (*shaken with horror*). Why has my Perillus made of me a brazen bull to roast mankind in my glowing belly?

(*Gazing on the pistol.*) Time and eternity — linked together by a single moment! — Dread key, that shuttest behind me the prison of life, and before me openest the dwelling of eternal night — say — O, say, — *whither*, — *whither* wilt thou lead me? Foreign, never circumnavigated land! — See, manhood waxes faint under *this* image; the effort

of the finite gives up, and fancy, the capricious ape of sense, juggles our credulity with strange shadows. No! no! It becomes not a man to waver. Be what thou wilt, *nameless yonder* — so this me keep but true. Be what thou wilt, so I take *myself* along with me! — Outward things are but the coloring of the man — I am my heaven and my hell.

What if thou shouldst send me *companionless* to some burnt and blasted circle of the universe; which thou hast banished from thy sight; where the lone darkness and the motionless desert were my prospects — forever? — I would people the silent wilderness with my fantasies; I should have eternity for leisure to unravel the perplexed image of the boundless woe. — Or wilt thou lead me through still other births; still other scenes of pain, from stage to stage — onwards to annihilation? The life-threads that are to be woven for me yonder, cannot I tear them asunder, as I do these? — Thou canst make me nothing; — but *this* Freedom canst thou not take from me. (*He loads the pistol. Suddenly he stops.*) And shall I for terror of a miserable life — die? — Shall I give wretchedness the victory over me? — No, I will endure it (*he throws the pistol away*). Let misery blunt itself on my pride! I will go through with it.

And now with these ferocities, and Sibylline frenzies, compare the placid strength of the

following delineation, also of a stern character, from the *Maid of Orleans;* where Talbot, the gray veteran, dark, unbelieving, indomitable, passes down, as he thinks, to the land of utter nothingness, contemptuous even of the Fate that destroys him, and

> In death reposes on the soil of France,
> Like hero on his unsurrendered shield.

It is the sixth scene of the third Act; in the heat of a battle:

The scene changes to an open space encircled with trees. During the music soldiers are seen hastily retreating across the background.

TALBOT, *leaning on* FASTOLF, *and accompanied by soldiers. Soon after,* LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Here, set me down beneath this tree, and you
Betake yourselves again to battle: quick!
I need no help to die.

FASTOLF.

O day of woe! [LIONEL *enters.*
Look what a sight awaits you, Lionel!
Our leader wounded, dying!

LIONEL.

God forbid!
O noble Talbot, this is not a time to die:

Yield not to death; force faltering nature
By your strength of soul, that life depart not!

TALBOT.

In vain! the day of destiny is come
That levels with the dust our power in France.
In vain, in the fierce clash of desperate battle,
Have I risked my utmost to withstand it:
The bolt has smote and crushed me, and I lie
To rise no more forever. Rheims is lost;
Make haste to rescue Paris.

LIONEL.

Paris is the Dauphin's:
A post arrived even now with the evil news
It had surrendered.

TALBOT (*tears away his bandages.*)

Then flow out, ye life-streams;
This sun is growing loathsome to me.

LIONEL.

Fastolf,
Convey him to the rear: this post can hold
Few instants more; yon coward knaves fall back,
Resistless comes the Witch, and havoc round her.

TALBOT.

Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield:
Against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless.
High Reason, radiant daughter of the head of God,
Wise foundress of the system of the universe,

Conductress of the stars, who art thou then,
If, tied to the tail o' the wild horse, Superstition,
Thou must plunge, eyes open, vainly shrieking,
Sheer down with that drunk beast to the abyss?
Cursed who sets his life upon the great
And dignified; and with forecasting spirit
Lays out wise plans! The fool-king's is this world.

LIONEL.

O, death is near! Think of your God, and pray!

TALBOT.

Were we, as brave men, worsted by the brave,
'T had been but Fortune's common fickleness:
But that a paltry farce should tread us down! —
Did toil and peril, all our earnest life,
Deserve no graver issue?

LIONEL (*grasps his hand*).

Talbot, farewell!
The meed of bitter tears I 'll duly pay you,
When the fight is done, should I outlive it.
But now Fate calls me to the field, where yet
She wavering sits, and shakes her doubtful urn.
Farewell! we meet beyond the unseen shore.
Brief parting for long friendship! God be with you!

[*Exit.*

TALBOT.

Soon it is over, and to the earth I render,
To the everlasting sun, the transient atoms
Which for pain and pleasure joined to form me;

And of the mighty Talbot, whose renown
Once filled the world, remains naught but a handful
Of flitting dust. Thus man comes to his end;
And all our conquest in the fight of life
Is knowledge that 't is nothing, and contempt
For hollow shows which once we chased and wor-
shipped.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, *and Soldiers.*

BURGUNDY.

The trench is stormed.

DUNOIS.

Bravo! The fight is ours.

CHARLES (*observing Talbot*).

Ha! who is this that to the light of day
Is bidding his constrained and sad farewell?
His bearing speaks no common man: go, haste,
Assist him, if assistance yet avail.

[*Soldiers from the Dauphin's suite step forward.*

FASTOLF.

Back! Keep away! Approach not the departing,
Him whom in life ye never wished too near.

BURGUNDY.

What do I see? Great Talbot in his blood!

[*He goes towards him.* TALBOT *gazes fixedly at him, and dies.*

FASTOLF.

Off, Burgundy! With the aspect of a traitor
Disturb not the last moment of a hero.

The "power-words and thunder-words," as the Germans call them, so frequent in the *Robbers*,* are altogether wanting here; that volcanic fury has assuaged itself; instead of smoke and red lava, we have sunshine and a verdant world. For still more striking examples of this benignant change, we might refer to many scenes (too long for our present purposes) in *Wallenstein*, and indeed in all the dramas which followed this, and most of all in *Wilhelm Tell*, which is the latest of them. The careful and in general truly poetic structure of these works, considered as complete poems, would exhibit it infinitely better; but for this object, larger limits than ours at present, and studious readers as well as a reviewer, were essential.

In his smaller poems the like progress is visible. Schiller's works should all be dated,

* Thus, to take one often-cited instance, Moor's simple question, whether there is any powder left, receives this emphatic answer, "Powder enough to blow the earth into the moon!"

as we study them; but indeed the most, by internal evidence, date themselves. Besides the *Lied der Glocke*, already mentioned, there are many lyrical pieces of high merit; particularly a whole series of *Ballads*, nearly every one of which is true and poetical. The *Ritter Toggenburg*, the *Dragon-fight*, the *Diver*, are all well known; the *Cranes of Ibycus* has in it, under this simple form, something Old-Grecian, an emphasis, a prophetic gloom which might seem borrowed even from the spirit of Æschylus. But on these, or any further on the other poetical works of Schiller, we must not dilate at present. One little piece, which lies by us translated, we may give, as a specimen of his style in this lyrical province, and therewith terminate this part of our subject. It is entitled *Alpenlied* (Song of the Alps), and seems to require no commentary. Perhaps something of the clear, melodious, yet still somewhat metallic tone of the original may penetrate even through our version.

SONG OF THE ALPS.

By the edge of the chasm is a slippery track,
The torrent beneath, and the mist hanging o'er thee;

The cliffs of the mountain, huge, rugged, and black,
Are frowning like giants before thee:
And, wouldst thou not waken the sleeping Lawine,
Walk silent and soft through the deadly ravine.

That bridge, with its dizzying perilous span,
Aloft o'er the gulf and its flood suspended,
Think'st thou it was built by the art of man,
By his hand that grim old arch was bended?
Far down in the jaws of the gloomy abyss
The water is boiling and hissing, — forever will hiss.

That gate through the rocks is as darksome and drear,
As if to the region of shadows it carried:
Yet enter! A sweet laughing landscape is here,
Where the Spring with the Autumn is married.
From the world with its sorrows and warfare and wail,
O, could I but hide in this bright little vale!

Four rivers rush down from on high,
Their spring will be hidden forever;
Their course is to all the four points of the sky,
To each point of the sky is a river;
And fast as they start from their old mother's feet,
They dash forth, and no more will they meet.

Two pinnacles rise to the depths of the blue:
Aloft on their white summits glancing,

Bedecked in their garments of golden dew,
The clouds of the sky are dancing;
There threading alone their lightsome maze,
Uplifted apart from all mortals' gaze.

And high on her ever-enduring throne
The queen of the mountains reposes;
Her head serene, and azure, and lone,
A diamond crown encloses;
The sun with his darts shoots round it keen and hot,
He gilds it always, he warms it not.

Of Schiller's philosophic talent, still more of the results he had arrived at in philosophy, there were much to be said and thought, which we must not enter upon here. As hinted above, his primary endowment seems to us fully as much philosophical as poetical: his intellect, at all events, is peculiarly of that character; strong, penetrating, yet systematic and scholastic, rather than intuitive; and manifesting this tendency both in the objects it treats and in its mode of treating them. The transcendental philosophy, which arose in Schiller's busiest era, could not remain without influence on him: he had carefully studied Kant's system, and appears to have not only

admitted but zealously appropriated its fundamental doctrines; remoulding them, however, into his own peculiar forms, so that they seem no longer borrowed, but permanently acquired, not less Schiller's than Kant's. Some, perhaps little aware of his natural wants and tendencies, are of opinion that these speculations did not profit him: Schiller himself, on the other hand, appears to have been well contented with his philosophy; in which, as harmonized with his poetry, the assurance and safe anchorage for his moral nature might lie.

"From the opponents of the new philosophy," says he, "I expect not that tolerance, which is shown to every other system, no better seen into than this: for Kant's philosophy itself, in its leading points, practices no tolerance, and bears much too rigorous a character, to leave any room for accommodation. But in my eyes this does it honor; proving how little it can endure to have truth tampered with. Such a philosophy will not be discussed with a mere shake of the head. In the open, clear, accessible field of inquiry it builds up its system; seeks no shade, makes no reservation: but even as it treats its neighbors, so it requires to be treated; and may be forgiven for lightly esteeming everything but proofs. Nor am I terrified to

think that the law of change, from which no human and no divine work finds grace, will operate on this philosophy, as on every other, and one day its form will be destroyed: but its foundations will not have this destiny to fear; for ever since mankind has existed, and any reason among mankind, these same first principles have been admitted, and on the whole acted upon."

Schiller's philosophical performances relate chiefly to matters of art; not, indeed, without significant glances into still more important regions of speculation: nay, art, as he viewed it, has its basis on the most important interests of man, and of itself involves the harmonious adjustment of these. We have already undertaken to present our readers, on a future occasion, with some abstract of the *Æsthetic Letters*, one of the deepest, most compact pieces of reasoning we are anywhere acquainted with: by that opportunity, the general character of Schiller, as a philosopher, will best fall to be discussed. Meanwhile, the two following brief passages, as some indication of his views on the highest of all philosophical questions, may stand here without commentary. He is speaking of *Wilhelm Meister*, and in the

first extract, of the *Fair Saint's Confessions*, which occupy the sixth book of that work:

"The transition from religion in general to the Christian religion, by the experience of sin, is excellently conceived. . . . I find virtually in the Christian system the rudiments of the highest and noblest; and the different phases of this system, in practical life, are so offensive and mean, precisely because they are bungled representations of that same highest. If you study the specific character of Christianity, what distinguishes it from all monotheistic religions, it lies in nothing else than in that *making dead of the law*, the removal of that Kantean imperative, instead of which Christianity requires a free inclination. It is thus, in its pure form, a representing of moral beauty, or the incarnation of the holy; and in this sense, the only *æsthetic* religion: hence, too, I explain to myself why it so prospers with female natures, and only in women is now to be met with under a tolerable figure."

"But in seriousness," he says elsewhere, "whence may it proceed that you have had a man educated, and in all points equipped, without ever coming upon certain wants which only philosophy can meet? I am convinced it is entirely attributable to the *æsthetic direction* you have taken, through the whole romance. Within the æsthetic temper there

arises no want of those grounds of comfort, which are to be drawn from speculation; such a temper has self-subsistence, has infinitude, within itself; only when the sensual and the moral in man strive hostilely together, need help be sought of pure reason. A healthy poetic nature wants, as you yourself say, no moral law, no rights of man, no political metaphysics. You might have added as well, it wants no Deity, no immortality, to stay and uphold itself withal. Those three points round which, in the long run, all speculation turns, may in truth afford such a nature matter for poetic play, but can never become serious concerns and necessities for it."

This last seems a singular opinion; and may prove, if it be correct, that Schiller himself was no "healthy poetic nature"; for undoubtedly with him those three points were "serious concerns and necessities," as many portions of his works, and various entire treatises, will testify. Nevertheless, it plays an important part in his theories of poetry; and often, under milder forms, returns on us there.

But, without entering further on those complex topics, we must here for the present take leave of Schiller. Of his merits we have all along spoken rather on the negative side; and

we rejoice in feeling authorized to do so. That any German writer, especially one so dear to us, should already stand so high with British readers that, in admiring him, the critic may also, without prejudice to right feeling on the subject, coolly judge of him, cannot be other than a gratifying circumstance. Perhaps there is no other true poet of that nation with whom the like course would be suitable.

Connected with this there is one further observation we must make before concluding. Among younger students of German literature the question often arises, and is warmly mooted, whether Schiller or Goethe is the greater poet. Of this question we must be allowed to say that it seems rather a slender one, and for two reasons. First, because Schiller and Goethe are of totally dissimilar endowments and endeavors, in regard to all matters intellectual, and cannot well be compared together as poets. Secondly, because if the question mean to ask, which poet is on the whole the rarer and more excellent, as probably it does, it must be considered as long ago abundantly answered. To the clear-sighted

and modest Schiller, above all, such a question would have appeared surprising. No one knew better than himself, that as Goethe was a born poet, so he was in great part a made poet; that as the one spirit was intuitive, all-embracing, instinct with melody, so the other was scholastic, divisive, only partially and as it were artificially melodious. Besides, Goethe has lived to perfect his natural gift, which the less happy Schiller was not permitted to do. The former accordingly is the national poet; the latter is not, and never could have been. We once heard a German remark that readers till their twenty-fifth year usually prefer Schiller; after their twenty-fifth year, Goethe. This probably was no unfair illustration of the question. Schiller can seem higher than Goethe only because he is narrower. Thus to unpractised eyes, a peak of Teneriffe, nay, a Strasburg minster, when we stand on it, may seem higher than a Chimborazo; because the former rise abruptly, without abutment or environment; the latter rises gradually, carrying half a world aloft with it; and only the deeper azure of the heavens, the widened

horizon, the "eternal sunshine," disclose to the geographer that the "Region of Change" lies far below him.

However, let us not divide these two friends, who in life were so benignantly united. Without asserting for Schiller any claim that even enemies can dispute, enough will remain for him. We may say that, as a poet and thinker, he attained to a perennial truth, and ranks among the noblest productions of his century and nation. Goethe may continue *the* German poet, but neither through long generations can Schiller be forgotten. "His works too, the memory of what he did and was, will arise afar off like a towering landmark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people that once encompassed him, and hid him from the near beholder."

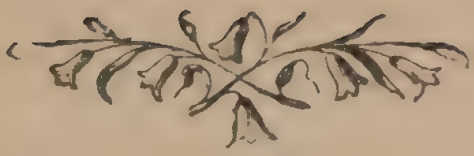
SUMMARY.

SCHILLER'S personal history. His life emphatically a literary one: Something priestlike, almost monastic, in its character. His parentage and youth: Schooling: Hardships and oppressions from the Duke of Würtemberg: Not in law, or medicine: Nor in any marketable occupation, can his soul find content and a home. His restless struggling to get free Publication of the *Robbers*. Escape from the harsh tyranny of the Duke. Henceforth a literary man; and need appear in no other character. (3–22.) His mild, honest character everywhere gains him friends. His connection with Goethe the most important event of his literary life: Their mutual esteem and zealous co-operation. Schiller's quiet, unconquered heroism through fifteen years of unremitted pain. The foolish Happiness controversy: The whole argument, like every other, lies in the confusion of language: True welfare, and mere

sensuous enjoyment: Mind *versus* Matter. (23–37.) Schiller's character as a man. In his life the social affections played no deeply absorbing part: It was towards the Ideal, not the Actual, that his faith and hope were chiefly directed: His habits were solitary; his chief business and pleasure lay in silent meditation. Some account of his ordinary mode of life. He mingles little in the controversies of his time, and alludes to them only from afar. His high conception of the mission of the true poet. His genius reflective rather than creative; philosophical and oratorical rather than essentially poetic. For the most part, the common is to him still the common. Closely connected with this imperfection, both as cause and consequence, is his singular want of humor. Yet there is a tone in some of his later pieces breathing of the very highest region of art. (38–55). Schiller's dramatic success. Illustrations of his mental progress; turbid ferocities of the *Robbers* contrasted with the placidly victorious strength of his maturer works. The like progress visible in his smaller poems: His *Alpenlied*. Schiller's philosophic talent: Interest in Kant's System. His *Æsthetic Letters*. Schiller and Goethe. (56–78.)

"Hast thou no orders, too, for me?" — Page 68

THE LAY OF THE BELL AND FRIDOLIN.



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THE LAY OF THE BELL.

"Vivos voco — Mortuos plango — Fulgura frango."

I.

FAST, in its prison walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of bakéd clay.
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth —
The Bell that shall be born to-day!
But with sweat and with pain
Can we honor obtain,

And prove that we master the art we profess;
With Man be the effort, with Heaven the success!

And well an earnest word beseems
The work the earnest hand prepares;
Its load more light the labor deems,
When sweet discourse the labor shares.
So let us duly ponder all
The works our feeble strength achieves,
For mean, in truth, the man we call,
Who ne'er what he completes conceives.
And well it stamps our Human Race,

And hence the gift To UNDERSTAND,
That man, within the heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

II.

From the fir the fagot take,
Keep it, heap it hard and dry,
That the gathered flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.
When the copper within
Seethes and simmers — the tin,
Pour quick, that the fluid which feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glib and well.

Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with fire is moulding thus,
In yonder airy tower shall dwell,
And witness far and wide of us!
It shall, in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
Its solemn voice, with Sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to Devotion.
Whatever Fate to Man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,
That metal tongue shall backward ring
The warning moral drawn from all.

"What force with fire is moulding thus,
In yon airy tower shall dwell."

III.

See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now!
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood, and speed the flow.
From the dross and the scum,
Pure, the fusion must come;
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
The cherished child shall welcome in;

What time the rosy dreams of life,
In the first slumber's arms begin.
As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful o'er that golden morning,
The Mother-Love's untiring care!

And swift the years like arrows fly —
No more with girls content to play.
Bounds the proud Boy upon his way,
Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
With pilgrim staff the wide world measures;

And, wearied with the wish to roam,
Seeks, stranger-like, the Father-Home.

And lo, as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies,
With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
The Virgin stands before his eyes,
A nameless longing seizes him!
From all his wild companions flown;
Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim;
He wanders all alone.
Blushing, he glides where'er she move;
Her greeting can transport him;

To every mead, to deck his love,
The happy wild-flowers court him!
Sweet Hope — and tender Longing — ye
The growth of Life's first Age of Gold;
When the heart, swelling, seems to see
The gates of heaven unfold;
O, were it ever green! O, stay,
Linger, young Love, Life's blooming May!

IV.

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering,
Dip this wand of clay within;
If like glass the wand be glimmering,

Then the casting may begin.
Brisk, brisk now, and see
If the fusion flow free;
If — (happy and welcome indeed were the sign!)
If the hard and the ductile united combine.

For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong:

So heed, O, heed well, ere forever united,
That the heart to the heart flow in one, love-
delighted;
Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long!

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Tolls the church-bell far and wide!
With that sweetest holyday,
Must the May of Life depart;
With the cestus loosed, — away
Flies Illusion from the heart!

Yet Love must be cherished
Though Passion be mute;
If his blossoms be perished,
They yield to the fruit.
The Husband must enter
The hostile life,
With struggle and strife,
To plant or to watch,
To snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune!
Then flows in a current the gear and the
gain,

And the garners are filled with the gold of the grain,
Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the centre!
Within sits Another,
The thrifty Housewife;
The mild one, the mother, —
Her home is her life.
In its circle she rules,
And the daughters she schools,
And she cautions the boys,
With a bustling command,
And a diligent hand

Employed she employs;
Gives order to store,
And the much makes the more;
Locks the chest and the wardrobe, with lavender smelling,
And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling;
And she hoards in the presses, well polished and full,
The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
Still intent upon use, while providing for show,
And never a rest from her cares doth she know.
Blithe the Master (where the while
From his roof he sees them smile)

Eyes the lands, and counts the gain;
There, the beams projecting far
And the laden storehouse are,
And the granaries bowed beneath
The blesséd golden grain;
There, in undulating motion,
Wave the cornfields like an ocean.
Proud the boast the proud lips breathe: —
"My house is built upon a rock,
And sees unmoved the stormy shock
Of waves that fret below!"
Alas! for never mortal state
Can form perpetual truce with Fate!
Swift are the steps of Woe.

V.

Now the casting may begin;
See the breach indented there;
Ere we run the fusion in,
Halt, — and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the plug out —
See around and about
Through the bow of the handle the smoke rushes red.
God help us! — the flaming waves burst from their bed.

What friend is like the might of fire,
When man can watch and wield the ire?

Whate'er we shape or work, we owe
Still to that heaven-descended glow.
But dread the heaven-descended glow,
When from their chain its wild wings go,
When where it listeth, wide and wild
Sweeps from free Nature's free-born Child
When the Frantic One fleets,
  While no force can withstand,
Through the populous streets
  Whirling ghastly the brand; —
For the Elements hate
What man's labors create,
  And the works of his hand.

Impartially out from the cloud,
Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
Benignantly out from the cloud
Come the dews, the revivers of all;
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the leaven, the bolt, and the ball!
Hark — a wail from the steeple! — aloud
The bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
Look — look — red as blood
All on high;
It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
The sky!
What a clamor awaking

Roars up through the street;
What a hell-vapor breaking
Rolls on through the street,
And higher and higher
Aloft moves the Column of Fire!
Through the vistas and rows
Like a whirlwind it goes,
And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.
Beams are crackling — posts are shrinking —
Walls are sinking — windows clinking —
Children crying —

Mothers flying —

And the beast (the black ruin yet smouldering under)

Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder!

Hurry and skurry — away — away,

The face of the night is as clear as day!

As the links in a chain,

Again and again

Flies the bucket from hand to hand;

High in arches up-rushing

The engines are gushing;

And down comes the storm with a roar!

And it chases the flames as they soar.
To the grain and the fruits,
Through the rafters and beams,
Through the barns and the garners it crackles
and streams!
As if they would rend up the earth from its
roots,
Rush the flames to the sky
Giant-high;
And at length,
Wearied out and despairing, man bows to
their strength!
With an idle gaze sees their wrath consume,

And submits to his doom!

Desolate

The place, and dread;

For storms the barren bed.

In the blank voids that cheerful casements were,

Comes to and fro the melancholy air,

And sits Despair;

And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud

Peers, as it flits, the melancholy cloud.

One human look of grief upon the grave

Of all that Fortune gave,

The lingerer casts — Then turns him to depart,
And grasps the wanderer's staff and mans his heart;
Whatever else the element bereaves,
One blessing more than all it reft, it leaves —
The *faces that he loves!* — He counts them o'er,
Not one dear look is missing from *that* store!

VI.

Now clasped the bell within the clay —
The mould the mingled metals fill —
O, may it, sparkling into day,

Reward the labor and the skill!
Alas! should it fail,
For the mould may be frail —
And still with our hope must be mingled the fear —
And, ev'n now, while we speak, the mishap may be near!
To the dark womb of sacred earth
This labor of our hands is given,
As seeds that wait the second birth
And turn to blessings watched by heaven!
Ah, seeds, how dearer far than they
We bury in the dismal tomb,

Where Hope and Sorrow bend to pray
That suns beyond the realm of day
May warm them into bloom!

From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and heavy,
The death-knell!
Guiding with dirge note — solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home earth's weary wanderers know.
It is that worshipped wife, —

It is that faithful mother!
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads be-
nighted,
From that dear arm where oft she hung de-
lighted.
Far from those blithe companions, born
Of her, and blooming in their morn;
On whom, when couched her heart above,
So often looked the Mother-Love!

Ah! rent the sweet Home's union-band,
And never, never more to come, —
She dwells within the shadowy land,

Who was the Mother of that Home!
How oft they miss that tender guide,
The care — the watch — the face — the
MOTHER —
And where she sat the babes beside,
Sits with unloving looks — ANOTHER!

VII.

While the mass is cooling now,
Let the weary labor rest;
Blithe as bird upon the bough,
Each to do as lists him best.
In the cool starry time,
At the sweet vesper-chime,

The workman his task and his travail fore-
goes —
It is only the Master that ne'er may re-
pose!

Homeward from the tasks of day,
Through the greenwood's welcome way,
Wends the wanderer, light and cheerly,
To the cottage loved so dearly!
And the eye and ear are meeting,
Now, the slow sheep homeward bleating, —
Now, the wonted shelter near,
Lowing the lusty-fronted steer;
Creaking now the heavy wain

Reels with the happy harvest grain.
While with many-colored leaves
Glitters the garland on the sheaves;
For the mower's work is done,
And the young folks' dance begun!
Desert street and quiet mart;
Silence is in the city's heart;
And the social taper lighteth
Each dear face that HOME uniteth;
While the gate the town before
Heavily swings with sullen roar!

Now darkness is spreading:
Now quenched is the light;

But the Burgher, undreading,
Looks safe on the night, —
Which the evil man watches in awe,
For the eye of the Night is the Law!

Bliss-dowered! O daughter of the skies,
Hail, holy ORDER, whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy, —
Builder of cities, who of old
Called the wild man from waste and wold.
And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling;
And, best of all the happy ties,

The centre of the social band, —

The Instinct of the Fatherland!

United thus, — each helping each,
Brisk work the countless hands forever!
For naught its power to Strength can teach,
Like Emulation and Endeavor!
Thus linked the master with the man,
Each in his rights can each revere,
And while they march in freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear!
To freemen labor is renown!
Who works — gives blessings and commands;

Kings glory in the orb and crown —
Be ours the glory of our hands.

Long in these walls — long may we greet
Your footfalls, Peace and Concord sweet!
Distant the day, O, distant far,
When the rude hordes of trampling War,
Shall scare the silent vale:
And where,
Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose-hues on the veil of
Eve;

Shall the fierce war-brand tossing in the gale,
From town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

VIII.

Now, its destined task fulfilled,
Asunder break the prison-mould;
Let the goodly Bell we build,
Eye and heart alike behold.
The hammer down heave,
Till the cover it cleave: —
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell

Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the
Bell.

To break the mould, the Master may,
If skilled the hand and ripe the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind, with thunder-knell,
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!
When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season;

When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State that thrives no more!
Yea, woe, when in the city's heart,
The latent spark to flame is blown;
And from their thrall the Millions start,
No leader but their rage to own!
Discordant howls the warning Bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war:
"Freedom! Equality!" to blood,
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,

And banded murder closes round!
The hyena-shapes (that women were!)
Jest with the horrors they survey;
From human breasts the hearts they tear —
As panthers rend their prey!
Naught rests to hallow; — burst the ties
Of Shame's religious, noble awe;
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And Universal Crime is Law;
Man fears the lion's kingly tread;
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror;
But Man himself is most to dread,
When mad with social error.

No torch, though lit from Heaven, illumes
The Blind! — Why place it in his hand?
It lights not *him*, — it but consumes
The City and the Land!

IX.

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husks, — behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining, as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright,
Like the sun's flash of light.
And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the Bell.

"Behold
From the dull clay the metal rise."

Come in, — come in,

My merry men, — we 'll form a ring,

The new-born labor christening ;

And "CONCORD" we will name her ! —

To union may her heartfelt call

In brother-love attune us all !

May she the destined glory win

For which the Master sought to frame her —

Aloft — (all earth's existence under),

In blue pavilioned heaven afar

To dwell, — the Neighbor of the Thunder,

The Borderer of the Star !

Be hers above a voice to raise

Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere,
Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
And lead around the wreathéd year.
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lips sublime,
As hourly, calmly, on she swings,
Touching, with every movement, Time!
No pulse — no heart — no feeling hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate;
And still companions, while she stirs.
The changes of the Human State!
So may she teach us, as her tone,
But now so mighty, melts away, —

That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay.

* * *

Slowly now the cords upheave her!
From her earth-grave soars the Bell;
Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her,
In the Music-Realm to dwell.
Up — upward — yet raise —
She has risen — she sways.
Fair Bell, to our city bode joy and increase;
And O, may thy first sound be hallowed to
PEACE!

FRIDOLIN;

OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

FRIDOLIN;

OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

HARMLESS lad was Fridolin,
A pious youth was he;
He served, and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair lady;
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there,
And yet the woman's wildest whim
In her — had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
Until the vesper-bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone,
Nor e'er could serve too well.
She bade him oft not labor so:
And then his eyes would overflow, —
For how could aught as toil appear,
Which served the one to him so dear!

And so of all her House, the Dame
Most favored him always;
And from her lip forever came
His unexhausted praise.

On him, more like some gentle child,
Than serving-youth, the lady smiled,
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

The Huntsman, Robert, long beheld
The favor thus confest,
And poisonous envy, gathering, swell'd
His dark, malignant breast.
His Lord was rash of thought and deed,
A man whom guile might well mislead;
And thus, as from the chase they rode,
Suspicion's seed the traitor sowed:

"Happy art thou, my Lord, in truth,"
The crafty knave did say;
"Your golden sheep no venom'd tooth
Of Doubt doth gnaw away.
Your noble lady is secure
In virtuous shame, — that girdle pure;
Her faith no snares from thee could gain;
The smooth seducer wooes in vain."

"How now! — bold man, what sayest thou?"
The frowning Count replied, —
"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?

Soft to her ear doth flattery sound; —
I rest my faith on firmer ground;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!" quoth the other; "and your scorn
Enough the fool chastises,
Who, though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the Dame he serves — aspires."

"How!" cried the Count, and trembled —
"How!
Of One who lives, then, speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all revealed
Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus concealed
Let me withhold it too."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath —
"Fool — fool! — thou speak'st the words of
death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of — Fridolin!

"His face is comely to behold" —

He adds, with deadly art.

The Count grew hot — the Count grew cold —

The words had pierced his heart.

"My gracious master sure must see

That only in her eyes lives he;

Behind your board he stands unheeding,

Close by her chair — his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes." — "The rhymes!"

— "The same —

Confessed the frantic thought."

"Confessed!" — "Ay, and a *mutual* flame

The shameless knave besought!
All this my lady, soft and meek,
Might well from pity shun to speak;
Nor should my words have vex'd your
ear —
What has my lord the Count to fear?"

Straight to a wood, in wrath and shame,
Away Count Savern rode —
Where, in the neighboring furnace-flame,
The molten iron glowed.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;

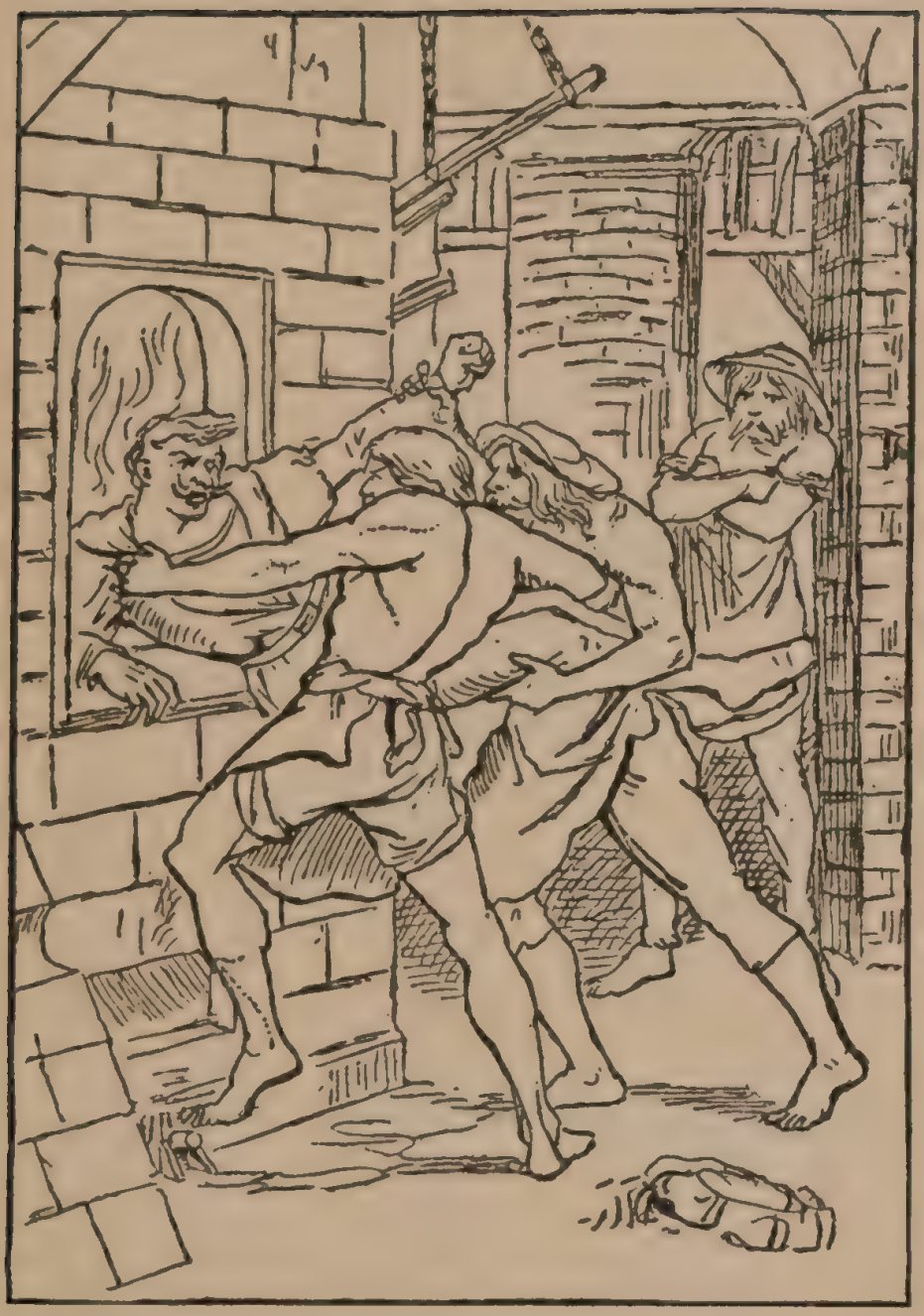
The bellows heave, the sparkles fly,
As if to melt the rocks on high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagued endeavor;
The mill-wheel, grappled by the wave,
Rolls round for aye and ever, —
The clattering works clang night and day,
While down the hammer times its way,
And, suppled in that mighty storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth-beckoned from their task:

"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask —
"*Have you my lord's command obeyed?*'
— Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they — the inhuman pair —
They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there
The heart in either breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;



"Have you my lord's command obeyed?"

The murder-priests nor fag nor falter —

Wait the victim — trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page — God wot.

How smooth a face hath he!

"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;

Thy lord hath need of thee!"

Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin:

"Haste to the forge the wood within,

And ask the serfs who ply the trade —

'Have you my lord's command obeyed?' "

"It shall be done," — and yet the task

One duty doth delay;

Had *she* no hest? — 't were well to ask.
To make less long the way.
Before the lady now he stands —
"To seek the forge my lord commands:
But, ere I go, I come to thee:
Hast thou no orders, too, for me?"

The gentle dame replied, "Alas!"
(Her voice was soft and mild,)
'I fain would hear the holy mass;
Sore ailing lies my child.
Go thou, instead, and kneeling there,
Utter for me thy humble prayer;

Repent each sinful thought of thine —
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

And now, with footsteps fleet and fast,
Along the path he hies.
The hamlet now is nearly past,
When hark! what sounds arise?
Swinging aloft with solemn swell,
Clear from the church-tower clangs the bell,
Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

"If God is found upon the way,
Thou must not pass him by!"

He stepped into the church to pray —
But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain;
And not a chorister was there,
The mass to serve — the rites to share.

The impulse to his heart is given,
As sacristan to be:
"Whate'er promotes thy service, Heaven,
Is not delay," said he.
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,

And nimbly ranged each holy thing
To the high mass administ'ring.

To aid the priest (these duties o'er),
As ministrant, he stands;
Now, bowed the altar shrine before,
The mass-book in his hands.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see,
Tinkling, as the *sanctus* fell,
Thrice at the holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the shrine,

And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That boy-sacristan is ringing; —
All then present, down inclining,
Strike their breasts, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art —
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the boy by heart!
To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus;*

Till the blessing of the priest, —
Till the holy service ceased!

Each thing in order, as before,
His pious hands array,
Asperge the shrine; and then once more
He takes his cheerful way.
Lightly — with conscience calm he goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips, the while (the count completing)
Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gained the forge — the smiths surveyed,
As there they grimly stand:

"How fares it, friends? — *Have you obeyed,*"
He cried, "*my lord's command?*"
"Ho! ho!" they shout, with ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within:
"He 's caught and cared for — go thy ways:
Well shall the Count his servants praise."

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleeter step he flies;
But when the Count beheld him come —
He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?" — "From the furnace." — "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow!

Thou hast loitered long !" — "Yet only till
My dame's command I did fulfil.

"For, pardon, — but to her, to-day,
I went, on quitting thee,
To ask if aught, upon the way,
She might intrust to me.
She bade me halt the mass to hear,
Sweet order to thy servant's ear ;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
For you both the Saviour praying."

All stunned, Count Savern heard the speech —
A wondering man was he ;

"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"
"They answered dark, with ghastly grin,
Pointing the furnace-throat within,
'He 's caught and cared for — go thy ways:
Well shall the Count his servants praise.'"

"And *Robert?*" — gasped the Count, as lost
In awe, he shuddering stood —
"Thou must, be sure, his path have crossed —
I sent him to the wood."
"In wood nor field where I have been,
No single trace of him was seen."

All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his lady's side,
She naught could understand.
This child — no angel is more pure —
Long may thy grace for him endure;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim —
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

"The bare unguarded place explored
And to the hilt I plunged the sword." — Page 52.

FAVORITE POEMS,

By SCHILLER.

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"The bare, unguarded place explored, —
And to the hilt I plunged the sword" . . *Frontispiece.*

"And when along that path of woe
The pilgrim came, upon the way Page
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THE DIVER.

WHERE is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below? —
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.

"And where is the diver so stout to go —
I ask ye again — to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around
Stood silent, and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch: "The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
Mid the tremulous squires stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave
Casts roaringly up the charbydis again;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet at length comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,

The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore, —
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well!"

More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear, —
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear";
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king,
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

O, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tost aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet, what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!—
Steering stalwart and shoreward: O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathéd deep, and he breathéd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.

They gaze on each other, — they shout as they throng,
"He lives, lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool, and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the diver, "Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice,—

Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of
Heaven!
Nevermore, — nevermore may he lift from the
sight
The veil which is woven with terror and night!

"Quick brightening like lightning the ocean
rushed o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from
the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that
bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me
away.
Vain, vain was my struggle, — the circle had
won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element
spun me.

"From the deep then I called upon God, and
he heard me,
In the dread of my need, he vouchsafed to
mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that in-
terred me;

I sprung there, I clung there, — and death
passed me by.
And, lo! where the goblet gleamed through
the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far fathomless.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy and purple and pathless
obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror
endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon — vast reptiles that
dwell
In the deep — coiled about the grim jaws of
their hell.

"Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable
swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and
vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless
forms;
Here the dark-moving bulk of the hammer-
fish passed;

And, with teeth grinning white and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark, — the hyena of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me —
Alone — in a loneness so ghastly — alone!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of death.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw — a dread hundred-limbed creature — its prey!
And darted, devouring, I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more, —
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled: quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee —
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine —
If thou 'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion:
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean:
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,

And I 'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

And Heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face —
It pales — at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon! — a moment, a breath,
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff, — roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

THE GLOVE.

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the griesly sport,
Sate the king;
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.

King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger, — yawned the gate.
And, slow from his repose,
A lion goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And — laid him down again!

A finger raised the king, —
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred:

Forth, with a rushing spring,
A tiger sprung!
Wildly the wild one yelled
When the lion he beheld:
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue.
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest-king,
With a fell and rattling sound; —
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling!
The king raised his finger; then
Leaped two leopards from the den
With a bound:
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold!
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled.
Rose the lion with a roar!
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still!

From the gallery raised above,
A fair hand dropped a glove: —
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger; there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges, "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sate;
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there, —
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace, —
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth
he;
And he left forever that fair ladye!

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

NIGHT, a sister's quiet love,
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly can I greet thee now,
Calmly see thee go;
Calmly ever, — why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly — (not a word he said!) —
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid, —
On his steed he sprung!

"Up, my men of Swisserland!"
Up awake the brave!
Forth they go, the Red-Cross band,
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! O,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemouth bore:
Never could his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair;
On to that belovéd land,
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at her castle-gate
Was the pilgrim heard;

Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives — a nun!
To the world she died,
When, with yester morning's sun,
Heaven received a bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownéd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit-knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he builds him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.
There, when dawn was in the skies
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there — alone!

Looking at the cloister, still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice — till
Clinked the lattice-bar:
Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly toward the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er,
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping — till
Clinks the lattice-bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly toward the vale.
So, upon that lonely spot,
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not
Toward the casement cast!

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

HERE, take the world!" cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals: "Be you of this earth the heirs;
Free to your use the heritage is given;
Brother-like choose the shares."

Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The hunter, wood and wold.

The merchant griped the store, and locked the ware —
The abbot chose the gardens of the vine —
The king barred up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And cried, "The tolls are mine!"

And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the poet from afar, to see

That all had proffered and had seized their
claim, —
"And is there naught for me?

"Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy human children portionless alone?"
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
Before the heavenly throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,"
Answered the God, "why murmurest thou
at me?
Say, where wert *thou* when earth they were
dividing?"
The poet said, "By thee!

"Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight, —
The music of thy heaven enthralled my ear;
Pardon the soul, if, drunken with thy light,
It lost its portion here!"

"Yet," answered Jove, "the world no more is
mine, —
Field, chace, and mart are given; — no place
for thee!
But come at will, since earth thou must resign,
To heaven, — and live with me."

THE LONGING.

EAVY vapors coldly hover,
Round the vale I cannot flee;
Outlet could I but discover,
Blessed were escape to me!
Ever green in fair dominion,
Yonder hill-top I survey;
Thither, could I find the pinion,
Thither would I wing my way!

Hark! I hear the music ringing, —
Harmonies of heavenly calm,
And the gentle winds are bringing,
Breathing, — bringing down the balm.
Yonder, fruits are golden-glowing,
Beckoning from the leafy shade,
And the blooms that there are blowing
Never doth the winter fade.

Beautiful must life be yonder,
Suns eternal there to see,
Airs that on the mountain wander,

O, how healing must they be!
Yet before me rolls a river, —
Roaringly its waters roll;
And its waves, that swell forever,
Send a horror to my soul.

On the surge a boat is tossing;
But, alas! the pilot fails! —
Enter — enter, dare the crossing —
Breath spiritual fills the sails!
Guaranties no gods concede thee;
Safety in believing dwells;
Only miracle can lead thee
To the land of miracles!

THE PILGRIM.

YOUTH'S gay spring-time scarcely knowing
Went I forth the world to roam;
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
Left I in my father's home.
Of my birthright, glad-believing,

Of my world-gear took I none,
Credulous as childhood, cleaving
To my pilgrim staff alone.
Goaded forth by mighty hope in
Dark and mystic words of faith,
"Wander forth — the way is open,
Ever on the upward path —
Till thou gain the golden portal,
Till its gates unclose to thee,
There the earthly and the mortal
Deathless and divine shall be!"
Night on morning stole, and stealeth,
Never, never stand I still,
And the future yet concealeth,
What I seek, and what I will!
Mount on mount arose before me,
Torrents hemmed me every side,
But I built a bridge that bore me,
O'er the roaring tempest-tide.
Toward the east I reached a river,
On its shores I did not rest;
Faith from danger can deliver,
And I trusted to its breast.
Drifted in the whirling motion,
Seas themselves around me roll —

Wider and wider spreads the ocean,
Far and farther flies the goal.
Ah! the pathway is not given;
Ah! the goal I cannot near, —
Earth will never meet the Heaven,
Never can the There be Here!

THE DANCE.

SEE how the couples whirl along the dance's buoyant tide;
And scarcely touch with wingéd feet the floor on which they glide.
O, are they flying shadows, from material forms set free,
Or elfin shapes, whose airy rings the summer moonbeams see?
As by the gentle zephyr blown some light mist flees in air,
Or as the skiff that softly rocks when silver waves are fair,
So doth the docile footstep on the wave of measure bound,

So doth the form ethereal float on murmuring airs of sound.
See now, as if intent to break the light chain of the dance,
Forth swinging from the crowded throng a bolder pair advance;
The path they leave behind them lost, wide opes the path beyond,
The way unfolds or closes up as by a magic wand.
Now snatched from sight, and now the press of each impeding all,
That moving world's symmetric scheme in ruin seems to fall;
No! — disentangled glides the knot, the gay disorder ranges, —
The only system ruling here, a grace that ever changes.
For aye destroyed, for aye renewed, that charmed creation rolls
Its dizzy course, and every change one tranquil law controls.
Say, what upon the reeling maze the restless life bestows,
And modulates the movement to the order of repose?

That each, a ruler to himself, doth but himself obey,
Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way?
Wouldst know? — 't is Harmony divine; the power whose sovereign pleasure
Compels the eager bound of each into the social measure.
That doth, like Nemesis, and with sweet rhythm, the golden rein,
The impetuous strength of wild delight, attuned to grace, restrain.
And comes the world's wide harmony in vain upon thine ears?
The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres?
Perceiv'st thou not the measure which Eternal Nature keeps?
The whirling dance forever held in yonder azure deeps?
The suns that wheel in varying maze? — *That* measure thou discernest?
No! Thou canst honor that in sport which thou forget'st in earnest.

THE NADOWESSIAN DEATH-DIRGE.

SEE, there he sits, upon his mat,
There still he sits upright;
The same as when he living sat,
And looked upon the light.
But where the right hand's strength? and where
The breath that once did breathe,
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,
The pipe's pale vapor-wreath?
And where the eyes so falcon clear,
On waves of grass to view
The faintest track that wandering deer
Had left on blade or dew?
Are these the feet that could not flag,
But bounded through the snow,
As when, full-antlered, flies the stag,
Or the light mountain roe?
Are these the arms that proudly bore,
And stoutly bent, the bow?
See, limp and loose, — their life is o'er, —
See, helpless hang they now!

Yet weal to him, — o'er fields he strays,
  Where snows no more can fall;
Gone hence, — to meads that shine with maize,
  Which springs, self-sown, for all.
Where birds abound on every brake,
  Where forests teem with deer,
Where swarm the fish through every lake, —
  One chase from year to year!
There Spirits now he feasts amid,
  And leaves us here bereft,
That we may praise the deeds he did,
  And bury what is left.
Here bring the last gifts! and with these
  The last lament be said;
Let all that pleased, and yet may please,
  Be buried with the dead.
Beneath his head the hatchet hide
  That he so stoutly swung,
And place the bear's fat haunch beside, —
  The journey hence is long!
And let the knife new-sharpened be,
  That, on the battle-day,
Shore with quick strokes — he took but three —
  The foeman's scalp away!

The paints that warriors love to use
Place here within his hand;
That he may shine with ruddy hues
Amidst the Spirit-land.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

WHY run so fast the hurtling crowd
Adown the long streets, roaring loud?
Is Rhodes on fire? — more fast the throng,
Wedged close and closer, storms along.
High o'er the train, he seems to lead,
Behold a knight on warlike steed!
Behind is dragged a wondrous load;
Beneath what monster groans the road?
With wide jaws like the crocodile,
In shape a dragon to the sight,
All eyes in wonder gaze the while, —
Now on the monster, now the knight.

A thousand voices shout in glee,
"This is the dragon — come and see —

That did on herd and herdsmen feast,
And this the knight who slew the beast.
Before him, in that dreadful strife,
Has many a champion ventured life,
But ne'er returned to mortal sight, —
All honor to the victor knight!"
So to the convent cloister all
The gathering crowd swept clamorous on; —
In haste convened within the hall,
Sate the vowed knighthood of St. John.

Before the noble master there
The young knight came with modest air;
The roaring crowd filled all the space
Beyond the rails that fenced the daïs:
The victor took the word, and spake:
"The duty knights with knighthood take
Is done; and, slain beneath my hand,
Lies the devourer of the land.
Safe is the traveller from to-day,
And safe the grazing herds repose,
Safe to the shrine of grace, his way
Along the rocks the pilgrim goes!"

Stern looked the master: "Thou hast done,"
He said, "a hero's deed, my son.

By valor knights are famous made;
A valiant soul thou hast displayed.
But to the knight, whose holier sword
Is vowed to fight for Christ our Lord, —
Who wears his cross, — say, what is still
The first great law he must fulfil?"
All round grew pale; with downcast head
Replied the victor of the day, —
"To him who wears the cross," he said,
"The first great law is, To obey!"

"And yet that duty, son," replied
The chief, "methinks thou hast denied;
And in the encounter which our law
Forbade, hast dared thy sword to draw."
"Master, when all is told, decide,"
With steadfast tone, the knight replied:
"For I that law's true sense and will
But sought devoutly to fulfil.
Not blindly, with presumptuous heart,
Against the monster did I go;
But hoped by stratagem and art,
To wrest the victory from the foe.

"Five of our Order, whose renown
Flashed gem-like in religion's crown,

Fell, rashly prodigal of life; —
'T was then thy law forbade the strife.
Yet gloom was in my heart, — desire
To share the conflict gnawed like fire:
In the still visions of the night,
Panting, I fought the fancied fight;
And when the morrow glimmering came,
With tales of ravage freshly done,
Indignant grief and fiery shame
Seized on me, — and resolve begun.

"And thus my inward musings ran:
'What graces youth and honors man?
How lived the great in days of old,
Whose fame to time by bards is told, —
Up to the gods' renown and bliss
Raised by the blinded heathenesse?
By deeds that prove the hero's worth,
They cleared from monster broods the earth,
They sought the lion in his den
They battled with the Minotaur, —
Nor grudged to shed their blood for men,
And save from death one victim more.

"'Is but the Saracen to feel
(Has *he* such worth?) — the Christian's steel?

Are we to idols only brave?
Or is our mission earth to save, —
From every ill and every harm
Freed by the Christian's stalwart arm?
Yet wisdom must his valor lead,
And sage device should force precede.'
Thus oft I mused, and went alone
The fell devourer's tracks to spy;
I saw, — and light upon me shone,
And 'Found, O Victory!' was my cry.

"Then, Prince, I sought thee with the prayer
To breathe once more my native air;
The license given, the ocean past,
I reached the shores of home at last.
Scarce hailed the old beloved land,
Than huge, beneath the artist's hand,
To each well-marked dread feature true,
The dragon's monster-model grew,
The dwarfed, deformed limbs upbore
The lengthened body's ponderous load;
The scales the impervious surface wore,
Like links of burnished harness, glowed.

Far stretched the grisly neck; and fell
As are the gaping gates of hell,

You might the horrent jaws survey,
Wide oped, as if to snatch their prey.
The black mouth's gloomy deeps disclose
Grim fangs that threat in bristling rows.
The tongue a sword sharp-pointed seeming,
The deep small eyes in sparkles gleaming.
Where the vast body ends, succeed
  The serpent spires around it rolled, —
As if the rider and the steed
  Alike in dreadful coils to fold.

"All to the hideous life was true,
Even to the gray and ghastly hue;
It stood half dragon and half snake,
As if spawned forth from poisonous lake.
And now began the mimic chase:
Two dogs I chose of noblest race,
That, fleet and fierce, ne'er turned before
The headlong rush of forest boar;
I trained them on the shape to spring,
  As on a living foe to fly,
With fastening teeth to rend, and spring; —
  And roused their rage with cheering cry.

"And where their gripe the best assails
The belly, left unsheathed in scales,

I taught the dexterous hounds to hang,
And find the spot to fix the fang;
Whilst I, with lance and mailéd garb,
Launched on the beast mine Arab barb.
From purest race that Arab came;
His fire my hand and voice inflame;
Beneath the sharp spur bounding fierce,
He fronts the beast in full career, —
And there, as if the hide to pierce,
By turns I couch or hurl the spear.

"Though when the monster first it eyed,
It champed the bit and swerved aside,
Snorted and reared, — and even they,
The fierce hounds, shrank with startled bay;
I ceased not, till, by custom bold,
After three tedious moons were told,
Both barb and hounds were trained, — nay, more,
Fierce for the fight; — then left the shore!
Three days have fleeted since I pressed
(Returned at length) this welcome soil,
Nor once would lay my limbs to rest,
Till wrought the glorious crowning toil.

"It burned my heart within to know
New ravage done by that dread foe.
The bones of herdsmen, bleached and bare,
Lay round the hell-worm's swampy lair; —
Stung, on the sudden I depart,
Nor counsel take but from my heart;
And so my squires I call in speed,
Spring lightly on my proven steed,
Take my two gallant hounds, and by
  Lone secret pathways gayly go,
To seek, unmarked by human eye,
  In its own deathful hold, the foe.

"Thou know'st the chapel glimmering o'er
The mountain rock, from ridges hoar;
Aloft it overlooks the isle, —
Bold was the soul that built the pile.
Humble and mean, the sacred house
Contains a shrine miraculous, —
Mother and child, to whom of old
Came the three kings, we there behold.
By three times thirty steps must climb
  The pilgrim to that steep abode,
To feel, in sudden strength sublime
  Renewed, the Saviour's neighborhood.

"Yawns wide within that holy steep
A mighty cavern dark and deep, —
Damp with the marsh dews, dim and dun,
And never lit by heavenly sun;
And there by night, and there by day,
The worm unguest and greeding lay,
Ever at watch, in darkness screened
Under God's house, — like Hell's own fiend.
And when along that path of woe
The pilgrim came, upon the way
Forth from its ambush rushed the foe,
And down, devouring, dragged the prey.

"I stood upon that rocky height
Ere yet I dared the dreadful fight, —
Before the Infant Christ within
I knelt, and purged my heart from sin.
The mantle white on holy ground
Above my coat of mail I bound.
In my right hand I grasped my spear,
Then downward strode with conscience clear;
There to my squires I gave the heed
To wait in refuge safe behind;
Nimbly I vaulted on my steed,
And unto God my soul consigned.

"And when along that path of woe
The pilgrim came, upon the way
Forth from its ambush rushed the foe."

"The level plain before me lay, —
Started the hounds with sudden bay, —
Aghast the frightened charger slanting,
Refused the rein, and trembled, panting;
For curling there, in coiléd fold,
The unutterable beast behold,
Lazily basking in the sun!
Forth sprang the dogs. The fight 's begun!
But back the hounds, recoiling fast,
Before the jaws expanded fly,
Scared by the reeking poison-blast,
And the howled dismal jackal cry.

"But quickly cheered, again they go,
And fasten fiercely on the foe, —
While full against the monster's hide
I launch the spear, — it slants aside
As harmless on the woven scale
As slender reed on coat of mail.
And ere I could renew the stroke,
From rein and rule the charger broke, —
That basilisk eye had spelled the steed,
It felt the poisonous charnel breath:
Forsaken in my dreadest need,
Hope vanished, and I looked on death.

"But light and quick to earth I leapt;
Swift from the sheath my falchion swept;
Swift on that rock-like mail it plied, —
The rock-like mail the sword defied:
The monster lashed its mighty coil;
Down hurled, behold me on the soil.
O'er me the jaw's dark cavern hangs, —
I feel the snap of those grim fangs,
When lo! the dogs, — the flesh is found;
The scaleless parts their fury gain!
And the fell monster, writhing round,
Howls its immeasurable pain.

"No time to foil its fastening foes, —
Light, as it writhed, I sprang, and rose;
The bare, unguarded place explored, —
And to the hilt I plunged the sword!
Up from the vitals sprang the blood,
Black-bubbling spouted forth the flood.
Then down it bore me in its fall;
Buried beneath that giant ball,
In dizzy swoon upon the ground
I lay; till sense returns once more,
I see my squires that stand around,
And the dead dragon in its gore."

Then burst from every eager breast
The loud applause, so long suppressed.
Scarcely the knight those words had spoken,
Than, on the vaulted rafters broken,
Times ten re-echoing and ascending,
Came the vast shout of thousands blending;
As loud the knights their voices raise,
"His brows be crowned with wreaths of bays!"
The crowd, in pomp, would lead him round,
From street to street his deed proclaim, —
When the Grand Master sternly frowned,
And calling silence, silence came.

And thus he spoke: "With valiant hand
Thou from the pest hast purged the land.
Let crowds their idol hail: in thee
A foe our order can but see;
Thy breast has cherished to its bane
A worm more fell than dragon slain, —
The snake that poisons hearts within,
And breeds dissension, strife, and sin.
That worm is will, superb and vain,
Which spurns at all restraints that bind, —
Which sacred order rends in twain, —
'T is *that* which doth destroy mankind.

"The Turk from valor gains renown;
Obedience is the Christian's crown;
There, where from heaven descending, trod
In humblest guise the Saviour God,
Our fathers on that holy ground
Did first this knightly Order found,
That heaviest duty to fulfil,
By which we conquer strong self-will.
Our law thy thirst of glory broke —
Vain-glorious — from my sight depart.
Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear his cross upon the heart."

Then burst the angry roar of all,
As with a tempest shook the hall;
The noble brethren plead for grace, —
Mute stood the youth, with downward face;
Laid by the robe and sacred band,
And meekly kissed the master's hand,
And went — the master marked him part;
"Return," he cried, "and to my heart:
The harder fight of Christ is won:
Here, take this cross, — meet prize for thee;
Thou hast battled with thyself, my son,
And conquered, through Humility!"

DITHYRAMB.

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone.
Scarcely comes Bacchus, the joyous, unto me;
Than Cupid, the laughing child, hastens to woo me,
And Phœbus his poet to own!

They come near and nearer,
Their numbers are swelling;
See! all the Celestials
Are filling my dwelling.

O guests! — heavenly chorus!
Say how can the earthborn
Regale ye as due? —
Accord me, Immortals, the life that ye live!
To the Gods nothing worthy a mortal can give;
Take me up to Olmypus with you.

The pleasures dwell only
In Jupiter's palace;

O, pour out the nectar,
O, reach me the chalice!

"Reach him the chalice,
Fill full to the poet!
O Hebe! brim high!
Steep his eyes in the dews of celestial delight,
And let Styx the abhorrent be shut from his sight;
Let him feel as a son of the sky.

It murmurs, it sparkles,
The Fount of Delight;
From the heart falls the burden,
The scale from the sight.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

NOBLY shone the fearful cross upon your mail afar,
When Rhodes and Acre hailed your might, O lions of the war!
When leading many a pilgrim horde, through wastes of Syrian gloom;

Or standing with the cherub's sword before the
Holy Tomb.
Yet on your forms the apron seemed a nobler
armor far,
When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions
of the war!
When ye, the high-born, bowed your pride to
tend the lowly weakness,
The duty, though it brought no fame, fulfilled
by Christian meekness, —
Religion of the cross, thou blend'st, as in a
single flower,
The twofold branches of the palm, — humility
and power.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR;

OR, FROM ABROAD.

WITHIN a vale, each infant year,
When earliest larks, first carolled
free,
To humble shepherds did appear
A wondrous maiden, fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place, —
  From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
  When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blesséd was her presence there, —
  Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
  Kept man's familiar looks away.
From fairy gardens, known to none,
  She brought mysterious fruits and flowers, —
The things of some serener sun,
  Some nature more benign than ours.

With each her gifts the maiden shared, —
  To some the fruits, the flowers to some;
Alike the young, the aged fared;
  Each bore a blessing back to home.
Though every guest was welcome there,
  For some she hoarded blooms the sweeter,
And from her gifts she culled the best,
  Whene'er two lovers came to greet her.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The first two stanzas of this poem are sung by Thekla, in the third act of the *Piccolomini*.

THE oak-wood is roaring,
The clouds gather o'er;
There sitteth a maiden
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she sighs out aloud in the gloomy night,
And weeping, thus waileth she:—

"My heart it is broken,
The world is a void,
Nothing more can it give me,
For hope is destroyed.
All the bliss that the earth can bestow I have proved;
Heavenly Father — O, take — I have lived — I have loved —
O, take back thy child to thee."

"The tears that thou weepest
Must vainly be shed;
For no sorrow awakens
The sleep of the dead!
Yet say what can solace and comfort the breast,
When it mourns for the love by which once it was blest,
And the balm shall descend from above."

"Let the tears I am weeping
Still vainly be shed,
Though my sorrow can wake not
The sleep of the dead;
Yet all that can solace and comfort the breast,
When it mourns for the love by which once it was blest,
Are the tears and the sorrows of love."

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

THE nobler man, unchilled by doubt,
Doth cheerly life begin;
And deems the world he sees without
Pure as his soul within.

Warm in the generous trust of youth,
He vows his true arm to the truth.

The lowness and the littleness
Of all so soon is shown,
That through the throng, and from the press,
He guards himself alone;
His heart in haughty, cold repose,
From love at last itself doth close.

The rays of truth that light bestow
Not always warmth impart;
Blest he who gains the boon to know,
Nor buys it with the heart!
World-wisdom clear, enthusiasm bright,
Link, and enjoy both warmth and light.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

FROM Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
Hallowed to steeds and glorious song,
Where, linked awhile in holy peace,
Meet all the sons of martial Greece —

Wends Ibycus — whose lips the sweet
  And ever-young Apollo fires;
The staff supports the wanderer's feet,
  The god the poet's soul inspires!

Soon from the mountain-ridges high,
The tower-crowned Corinth greets his eye;
In Neptune's groves of darksome pine
He treads with shuddering awe divine;
Naught lives around him, save a swarm
  Of Cranes, that still attend his way, —
Lured by the South, they wheel and form
  In lengthened files their squadrons gray.

And "Hail! beloved birds!" he cried;
"My comrades on the ocean tide,
Sure signs of good ye bode to me;
Alike our lots would seem to be;
From far, together borne, we greet
  A shelter now from toil and danger;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
  Preserve from every ill the stranger!"—

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid-wood winds his way,

When, where the path the thickets close,
Burst sudden forth two ruffian foes;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot!
  The hand soon sinks before the foe;
That hand so mighty with the lute,
  Alas! is powerless with the bow.

He calls on men and gods; in vain!
His cries no blest deliverer gain;
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round, —
"In the far land I fall forsaken,
  Unwept and unregarded here;
By death from caitiff hands o'ertaken,
  Nor even one late avenger near!"

Down to the earth the death-stroke bore him, —
Hark, where the cranes wheel rustling o'er
  him!
He hears, as darkness veils his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirge-like cries.
"By you, wild birds, since yours alone
  The voices that can right the dead,
Be borne the tale of murder done
  To Heaven!" — And so the spirit fled.

Naked and maimed the corpse was found;
And, still through many a mangling wound,
The sad Corinthian host could trace
The loved, too well-remembered face.
"And must I meet thee thus once more?
Who hoped the singer's brows to crown
With wreaths of pine — the victory o'er —
And radiant with a new renown!"

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea-God's solemn feast, —
As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council Hall they ran, —
In thunder rushed the human flood:
"Revenge shall right the murdered man,
The last atonement, — blood for blood!"

Yet mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea-God's glorious games —
The mighty, many-nationed throng —
How track the hand that wrought the wrong? —
How guess if that dread deed were done
By ruffian hands, or secret foes?
He who sees all on earth — the Sun —
Alone the gloomy secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace
Amidst your sons, assembled Greece, —
Hears with a smile revenge decreed,
Gloats with fell joy upon the deed, —
His steps the avenging gods may mock
  Within the very Temple's wall,
Or mingle with the crowds that flock
  To yonder solemn scenic hall.

Wedged close, and serried, swarms the crowd;
Beneath the weight the walls are bowed;
Thitherwards streaming far, and wide,
Broad Hellas flows in mingled tide, —
A tide like that which heaves the deep
  When hollow-sounding, shoreward driven;—
Or, wave on wave, the thousands sweep
  Till arching, tier on tier, to heaven!

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That, guest-like, there assembled came?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartans' land,
From Asia's wave-divided clime,
  The isles that gem Ionian seas,
To hearken on that stage sublime,
  The dark choir's dismal melodies!

True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The chorus from the hinder ground
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this world's women never strode,
  Their race from mortals ne'er began;
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
  They tower above the sons of man!

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro, with dark red glow, —
No blood that lives the dead cheeks know!
Where flow the locks that woo to love
  On *human* temples, ghastly dwell
The serpents, coiled the brows above,
  And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
That space, doth their dark hymn begin;
The hymn that cleaves the heart in twain,
And round the sinner coils the chain;
The sense it robbed, the soul it chilled,
  Enduring no accordant string:
On through the marrow thrilled
  The chant which choral furies sing! —

"And weal to him — from crime secure —
Who keeps his soul as childhood's pure;
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free —
We near him not, — The Avengers, We!
But woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light;
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
The fearful daughters of the night.

"And deems he flight from us can hide him?
Still on dark wings we sail beside him!
The murderer's feet the snare enthralls,
Or soon or late, to earth he falls!
Untiring, hounding on, we go;
For blood can no remorse atone!
On, ever — to the shades below,
And there — we grasp him, still our own!"

So singing, their slow dance they wreathe,
And stillness, like the hush of death,
Heavily there lay cold and drear,
As if the Godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those dread rites of old,
Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measured strides, behold,
They vanish in the hinder ground!

Confused, and poised in doubt between
The solemn truth and mimic scene,
The crowd revere the power, presiding
O'er secret deeds, to justice guiding, —
The never-fathomed all-confest
By whom the web of doom is spun,
That drags to light the darkest breast,
Yet flies in darkness from the sun!

Just then, amidst the highest tier
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear:
"See there, see there, Timotheus;
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!"
A sudden darkness wraps the sky,
As sailing slow on solemn wing,
Above that roofless hall on high,
The cranes sweep, hoarsely murmuring!

"Of Ibycus?" — that name so dear
Re-wakes the grief in those who hear!
Like wave on wave on eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees:
"Of Ibycus, whom we bewail?
The murdered one! What mean those words?

Who is the man, knows *he* the tale?
Why link that name with those wild birds?"

Questions on questions louder press;
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess;
Leaps every heart: "The truth we seize;
Your might is here, Eumenides!
The murderer yields himself confest —
Vengeance is near — that voice the token! —
Ho! — him who yonder spoke, arrest! —
And him to whom the words were spoken!"

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall,
Than fain their sense he would recall.
In vain; those whitening lips, behold!
The secret have already told.
The judge is there, the court arrayed;
The scene becomes the tribunal, —
So lightning pierced the guilty shade,
And with it fell the thunder-ball.

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES.

DOES pleasant spring return once more?
Does earth her happy youth regain?
Sweet suns green hills are shining o'er;
Soft brooklets burst their icy chain:
Glassed on the blue translucent river,
Laughs out the jocund cloudless day,
The wingéd west-winds gently quiver,
The buds are bursting from the spray;
I hear the warbler on the tree;
I hear the Oread as before.
Again thy bloom comes back to thee, —
Thy child, sad mother, comes no more.

Alas! how long an age it seems
Since all the earth I wandered over,
And vainly, Titan, tasked thy beams,
My loved, my lost one, to discover!
Vainly thy rays around me fall;
No ray reveals my child to me;
The sun, with eyes detecting all,
Is blind one vanished form to see.

Hast thou, O Zeus, hast thou away
From these sad arms my daughter torn?
Has Pluto, from the realms of day,
Enamored, to dark rivers borne?

Who to the dismal phantom-strand
The herald of my grief will venture?
The boat forever leaves the land,
But only shadows there may enter. —
Shut from the blesséd, death's abode,
The awful night of fields forlorn;
No living form, since first they flowed,
The ghastly Stygian waves have borne.
A thousand pathways wind the drear
Descent; none upward lead to day;
No witness to the mother's ear
The daughter's sorrows can betray.

Mothers of happy human clay
Can share at least their children's doom;
And when the loved ones pass away,
Can track, can join them, in the tomb!
The race alone of heavenly birth
Are banished from the darksome portals;
The fates have mercy on the earth,

And death is only kind to mortals.
O, plunge me in the night of nights,
From heaven's ambrosial halls exiled!
O, let the goddess lose the rights
That shut the mother from the child!

Where sits the dark king's joyless bride,
Where midst the dead her home is made;
Methinks my noiseless footsteps glide,
Amidst the shades myself a shade!
I see her eyes that, dim with tears,
Still vainly search through gloomy space;
Still seek the light that gilds the spheres,
And rest not on the mother's face!
Till joy, O joy! again she feels,
Clasped to my breast, the living ties!
And tearful pity softly steals
From Pluto's slow-relenting eyes.

Vain dream, and vain lament! Afar,
Calm in the changeless paths above,
Rolls on the day-god's golden car, —
Fast are the fixed decrees of Jove:
Disdainful from the gloomy plain
He turns his blissful looks away.

Alas! night never gives again
What once it seizes as its prey!
Till over Lethe's sullen swell
Aurora's rosy hues shall glow;
And arching through the midmost hell
Shine forth the lovely Iris-bow.

And is there naught of her, no token,
No pledge from that belovéd hand?
To tell how love remains unbroken,
How far soever be the land?
Has love no link, no lightest thread,
The mother to the child to bind?
Between the living and the dead
Can hope no holy compact find?
No! every bond is not yet riven;
We are not yet divided wholly;
To us the eternal powers have given
A symbol language, sweet and holy.

When spring's fair children pass away,
When, in the north-wind's icy air,
The leaf and flower alike decay,
And leave the rivelled branches bare,
Then from Vertumnus' lavish horn

I take life's seeds to strew below, —
And bid the gold that germs the corn
An offering to the Styx to go!
Sad in the earth the seeds I lay, —
Laid at thy heart, my child, — to be
The mournful tokens which convey
My sorrow and my love to thee!

But when the hours, in measured dance,
The happy smile of spring restore,
Rife in the sun-god's golden glance
The buried dead revive once more!
The germs that perished to thine eyes,
Within the cold breast of the earth,
Spring up to bloom in gentler skies,
The brighter for the second birth!
The stem its blossom rears above,
Its roots in night's dark womb repose;
The plant, but by the equal love
Of light and darkness fostered, grows!

If half with death the germs may sleep,
Yet half with life they share the beams;
My heralds from the dreary deep,
Soft voices from the solemn streams, —

For them, like her, the dreary womb
Of Hades doth awhile retain ;
Yet spring sends forth their tender bloom
With such sweet messages again,
To tell, —how far from light above,
Where only mournful shadows meet,
Memory is still alive to love,
And still the faithful heart can beat !

Joy to ye, children of the field !
Whose life each coming year renews,
To your sweet cups the heaven shall yield
The purest of its nectar-dews !
Steeped in the light's resplendent streams,
The hues that streak the iris-bow
Shall deck your blooms as with the beams
The looks of young Aurora know.
The budding life of happy spring,
The yellow autumn's faded leaf,
Alike to gentle hearts shall bring
The symbols of my joy and grief.

THE ELEUSINIAN FESTIVAL.

WIND in a garland the ears of gold,
Let the Cyane's azure inwoven be!
O, how gladly shall eye behold
The Queen who comes in her majesty!
Man with man in communion mixing,
Taming the wild ones where she went;
Into the peace of the homestead fixing
Lawless bosom and shifting tent.

Darkly hid in cave and cleft
Shy, the troglodyte abode;
Earth was found a waste, and left
Where the wandering nomad strode:
Deadly with the spear and shaft,
Prowled the hunter through the land;
Woe the stranger, waves may waft
On an ever-fatal strand!

Deserts frowned on Ceres, when,
Searching for her ravished child
(No green culture smiling then),

O'er the drear coasts bleak and wild,
Never shelter did she gain,
Never friendly threshold trod;
All unbuilded then the fane,
All unheeded then the God!

Not with golden corn-ears strewed
Were the ghastly altar stones;
Bleaching there, and gore-imbrued,
Lay the unhallowed human bones!
Wide and far, where'er she roved,
Still reigned Misery over all;
And her mighty soul was moved
At man's universal fall.

"What! can *this* be man, — to whom
Our own godlike form was given, —
Likeness of the shapes that bloom
In the garden-mount of heaven?
Was not earth on man bestowed?
Earth itself his kingly home!
Roams he through his bright abode,
Homeless wheresoe'er he roam?

"Will no God vouchsafe to aid? —
None of the celestial choir

Lift the demigod we made
From the slough and from the mire?
No, the grief they ne'er have known
Calmly the Celestials scan!
I, the mother, — I alone
Have a heart that feels for man!

"Let — that men to man may soar —
Man and earth with one another
Make a compact evermore, —
Man the son, and earth the mother.
Let their laws the seasons show,
Time itself man's teacher be;
And the sweet moon moving slow
To the starry melody!"

Gently brightening from the cloud,
Round her image, veil-like thrown;
On the startled savage crowd
Lo! the goddess-glory shone!
Soft, the goddess-glory stole
On their war-feast o'er the dead;
Fierce hands offered her the bowl
With the blood of foemen red.

Loathing, turned the gentle Queen,
Loathing, shuddering, turned, and said,
"Ne'er a godhead's lips have been
With the food of tigers fed.
Offering pure that ne'er pollutes,
Be to purer beings given,
Summer flowers and autumn fruits
Please the family of heaven."

And the wrathful spear she takes
From the hunter's savage hand;
With the shaft of murder, breaks
Into furrows the light sand;
From her spiked wreath she singles
Out a golden seed of corn,
With the earth the germ she mingles,
And the mighty birth is born!

Robing now the rugged ground,
Glints the budding lively green,
Now, a golden forest, round
Waves the mellow harvest-sheen! —
And the goddess blessed the earth,
Bade the earliest sheaf be bound,
Chose the landmark for a hearth,
And, serenely smiling round,

Spoke in prayer: "O Father King
On thine ether-hill divine, —
Take, O Zeus, this offering,
Let it soften thee to thine!
From thy people's eyes, away,
Roll the vapor coiled below;
Let the hearts untaught to pray
Learn the Father-God to know!"

And his gentle sister's prayer
To the high Olympian came:
Thundering through a cloudless air
Flashed the consecrating flame: —
On the holy sacrifice
Bright the wreathéd lightnings leap;
And in circles through the skies
Doth the sacred eagle sweep.

Low at the feet of the great Queen, low
Fall the crowd in a glad devotion;
First then, first the rude souls know
Human channels of sweet emotion, —
Cast to the earth is the gory spear,
Wakened a soft sense blind before;
Hushed in delight from her lips they hear
Mildest accents and wisest lore!

Thither from their thrones descending,
All the blest ones brightly draw;
Sceptered Themis, order-blending,
Metes the right and gives the law:
Teaches each one to respect
What his neighbor's landmarks girth;
Bids attesting Styx protect
What the mortal owns on earth.

Hither limps the God, whom all
Life's inventive arts obey,
Highly skilled is he to call
Shape from metal, use from clay!
Heave the bellows, rings the clamor
Of the heavy anvil, now;
Fashioned from the forge-god's hammer
O'er the furrow speeds the plough!

And Minerva, towering proudly
Over all, with lifted spear,
Calls in accents ringing loudly,
O'er the millions far and near, —
Calls the scattered tribes around; —
Soars the rampart, spreads the wall,
And the scattered tribes have found
Bulwark each, and union all!

Forth she leads her lordly train
O'er the wide earth ; — and where'er
Prints her conquering step the plain,
Springs another landmark there !
O'er the hills her empire sweeps ;
O'er their heights her chain she throws,
Stream that thundered to the deeps
Curbed in green banks, gently flows.

Nymph and Oread, all who follow
The fleet-footed forest-queen,
O'er the hill, or through the hollow,
Swinging light their spears are seen.
To the toil in tumult streaming,
With a joyous signal call,
Now the lifted axe is gleaming,
Now the huge pines crashing fall !

At the hest of Jove's high daughter,
Heavy load and groaning raft
O'er his green, reed-margined water
Doth the river genius waft.
In the work glad hands have found,
Hour on hour, light-footed, flies,
From the rude trunk, smooth and round,
Till the polished mast arise !

Up leaps now the ocean god,
Riving ribbéd earth asunder;
With his wondrous trident-rod; —
And the granite falls in thunder.
High he swings the mighty blocks,
As an infant swings a ball, —
Helped by active Hermes, rocks,
Heaped on rocks construct the wall.

Then from golden strings set free
(Young Apollo's charméd boon)
Triple flows the harmony,
And the measure, and the tune!
With their ninefold symphonies
There the chiming Muses throng,
Stone on stone the walls arise
To the choral music-song.

Firm the mighty portals stand,
Set by Cybele they are;
Firm the huge lock's safety-band,
And the force-defying bar.
Swiftly from those hands divine
Does the wondrous city rise;
Bright, amidst it, stands the shrine
In the pomp of sacrifice.

With a myrtle garland there
  Comes the queen, by gods obeyed,
And she leads the swain most fair
  To the fairest shepherd-maid!
Venus and her laughing boy
  Did that earliest pair array:
All the gods, with gifts of joy,
  Blessed the earliest marriage-day!

Through the hospitable gate
  Flock the city's new-born sons,
Marshalled in harmonious state
  By that choir of holy ones.
At the altar-shrine of Jove
  High the priestess Ceres stands,
Folding, the mute crowd above,
  Blesséd and all-blessing hands!

"In the waste the beast is free,
  And the God upon his throne!
Unto each the curb must be,
  But the nature each doth own.
Yet the man (betwixt the two)
  Must to man allied, belong;
Only law and custom through
  Is the mortal free and strong!"

Wind in a garland the ears of gold,
  Let the Cyane's azure inwoven be;
O, how gladly shall eye behold
  The queen, who comes in her majesty!
Man to man in communion bringing,
  Here are the sweets of home and hearth,
Honor and praise, and hail her, singing,
  "Hail to the mother and queen of earth!"

THEKLA;

A SPIRIT-VOICE.

HERE does my shadow fleet,
  As from thy vision rapt, aloft I soar?
Is not my destiny complete?
  Have I not lived? have I not loved? —
    What more?

Ask'st thou, where pass away
  The Nightingales that did enrapture air

With music's soul in thy young happy May?
They loved, and only while they loved, they were!

Is the lost found again?
With him, believe me, I at last am wed;
Where hearts, once joined, are never rent in twain,
Where tears, once dried, can never more be shed.

Thou unto us shalt win.
Thou — if thy love shall equal that we knew;
There is my father, free from every sin,
Where the red murder can no more pursue.

Him no delusion won
To feed his upward gaze on starry spheres;
For every faith (nor least the boldest one)
To Heaven aspiring, still the Holy nears.

To each belief that smiled
On life to beautify some truth is given!
O dare to err and dare to dream! — the child
Has oft the loftiest instinct of the heaven!

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

O flaunt the fair shape of Humanity,
Lewd Mockery dragged thee through the mire it trod.
Wit wars with Beauty everlastingly,
Yearns for no angel, and adores no God —
Views the heart's wealth to steal it as the thief, —
Assails delusion, but to kill belief.

Yet the true Poetry — herself, like thee,
Childlike; herself, like thee, a shepherd maid —
Gives thee her birthright of Divinity,
And lifts unto the stars thy starry shade.
Thy brows receive the aureole of her sky;
The heart created thee, — thou canst not die.

The mean world loves to darken what is bright,
To see to dust each loftier image brought;
But fear not, — souls there are that can delight

In the high memory and the stately thought;
To ribald mirth let Momus rouse the mart,
But forms more noble glad the noble heart.

COLUMBUS.

STEER on, bold sailor! — Wit may mock
thy soul that sees the land,
And hopeless at the helm may droop
the weak and weary hand;
Yet ever, ever to the West, for there the
coast must lie,
And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns be-
fore thy reason's eye;
Yea, trust the guiding God, — and go along the
floating grave,
Though hid till now, — yet now, behold the
New World o'er the wave!
With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn
union still,
And ever what the one foretells the other
shall fulfil.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW CENTURY.

WHERE can Peace find a refuge? — whither, say,
Can Freedom turn? — lo, friend, before our view
The Century rends itself in storm away,
And, red with slaughter, dawns on earth the new.
The girdle of the lands is loosened; — hurled
To dust the forms old Custom deemed divine, —
Safe from war's fury not the watery world; —
Safe not the Nile-god nor the antique Rhine.
Two mighty nations make the world their field,
Deeming the world is for their heirloom given;
Against the freedom of all lands they wield
This, — Neptune's trident; that, — the Thunderer's leven.
Gold to their scales each region must afford;
And, as fierce Brennus in Gaul's early tale,
The Frank casts in the iron of his sword,

To poise the balance, where the right may fail, —
Like some huge polypus, with arms that roam
Outstretched for prey, — the Briton spreads his reign;
And, as if ocean were his household home,
Locks up the chambers of the liberal main.
On to the Pole where shines, unseen, the Star,
Onward his restless course unbounded flies;
Tracks every isle and every coast afar,
And undiscovered leaves but — Paradise!
Alas, in vain on earth's wide chart, I ween,
Thou seek'st that holy realm, beneath the sky,
Where Freedom dwells in gardens ever green,
And blooms the youth of fair Humanity!
O'er shores where sail ne'er rustled to the wind,
O'er the vast universe, may rove thy ken;
But in the universe thou canst not find
A space sufficing for ten happy men!
In the heart's holy stillness only beams
The shrine of refuge from life's stormy throng;
Freedom is only in the land of dreams;
And only blooms the beautiful in song!

THE BATTLE.

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread,
Is that table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Shrinkingly down bend the looks to the ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
Pale is the face of the stoutest man
As the major spurs fast by the ranks to the van.
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command.
Silently halts the van!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"

"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with ye, — children and wife!"
Hark to the music, — the drum and the fife,
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
Quivers the eyelid, as round and round,
From rank to rank, flies the signal sound;
Shout it forth, shout it forth, to the life or the death!
Freer already breathes the breath!
Death has broke loose, and the strife is begun,
More fast through the smoke comes the flash of the gun;

More fast through the vapor, that hangs like a pall.
Do the iron dice fall.

Nearer they close, — foes upon foes.
"Ready!" — from square to square it goes,
Down on the knee they sank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a man to the earth it sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent, —
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder-man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and wherever ye gaze,
Goes the dance of death in its whirling maze.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
O'er the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.

"What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last
farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders
swell —
"I 'll give —— O God! are their guns so near?
Ho! comrades! — you volley! — look sharp to
the rear! ——
I 'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in
rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side shall regain!"
Hitherward, — thitherward reels the fight,
And broods o'er the battle yet darker the night.
Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying, —
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying, —
Victory!
The terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed is the bitter but glorious fight:

And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Hark to the music, the drum and the fife,
How they ring with the triumph that follows the strife!
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

FAREWELL TO THE READER.

THE Muse is silent: with a virgin cheek
Bowed with the blush of shame, she ventures near;
She waits the judgment that thy lips may speak,
And feels the deference, but disowns the fear.
Such praise as Virtue gives 't is hers to seek,
Bright Truth, not tinsel Folly to revere;
And he alone her crowning flowers should cull,
Whose heart with hers beats for the beautiful.

Not longer yet these lays of mine would live
Than to one genial breast not idly stealing,

There some sweet dreams and fancies fair to
give,
And some still whispers of a loftier feeling.
Not for the far posterity they strive,
Doomed with the time whose shades they
are revealing,
Born to record the moment's smile or sigh,
And with the light dance of the hours to fly.

Spring wakes, and life in all its youngest hues
Shoots through the mellowing meads de-
lightedly;
Air the fresh herbage scents with nectar-dews,
Livelier the choral music fills the sky:
Youth grows more young, and age itself renews,
In that field-banquet of the ear and eye:
Spring flies, and with it all the train it leads;
And flowers, in fading, leave us but their seeds.

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